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THE Tempestuous HEART

By VIRGINIA LEE

RUTH MACDONALD had a light soprano that had finally won her a contract with a leading broadcast station. She also had a serious ambition to sing operas, a bank account that had bullied the wolf from the door, and a dark striking beauty. Furthermore she had temperament.

This being the case, she was seated at the piano in her flat, her head on her arms, crying hard and bitter tears. Ruth was weeping for a number of reasons, outstanding among them the probability that she would die a lonely old maid, for it was becoming more and more apparent to her that her true mate had been carelessly overlooked by the gods of creation.

When Ruth cried it was loudly and with abandon. She concentrated solely on the sorrows of the moment and wept floods.

Upon this diluvial scene the door of the living-room opened and the maid's head poked around it with understandable caution. "Gen'man to see you," she announced and withdrew speedily, leaving to his own resources a medium-sized man with a mild expression and the uniform of an army officer.

Ruth went right on with her sobbing. "I suppose you think I'm cuh-crazy to cry," she howled at last in a mourning wail.

"Nature has provided us with tear ducts," observed her visitor.

"I look tuh-terrible, when I cry!"

"Most people do," he agreed.

With a loud sniff Ruth raised her head and began to look the gentleman over, revealing, in the process, luminous dark eyes that were deadlier weapons when less rimmed with red. What she saw was an undistinguished-looking young man with blond hair and a modest, almost self-effacing manner. "Wh-what's your name?" she demanded tearfully.

"Smith."

"Well, huh—Smith," she said between sniffs, indicating his uniform with a vague wave. "What are you?"

"A lieutenant." Lieutenant Smith looked down at his uniform and added, as if making a clean breast of the situation, "Army Amenities." Then in a pleasanter tone he went on, "I came to discuss the numbers you're going to sing for the boys at the military hospital next week."

As soon as this information began to sink into Ruth's saddened consciousness, her countenance underwent a sudden change. It became all business. After all, Ruth had a career ahead of her, a goal to achieve. She jumped up from the piano, clasped her hands together with purpose, and began pacing up and down the room. This new activity revealed her truly breathtaking figure to great advantage.

"I shall sing," announced Ruth, with happy decision, "'Visi D'Arte,' from 'Tosca,' 'Connais Tu Le Pays' from 'Mignon,' and an aria from 'Samson and Delilah.' If there are any encores——"

"There will be," said Lieutenant Smith. "But I think you ought to sing something lighter. A lot of these boys are pretty nervous. It isn't good for them to hear anything heavy."

Ruth stopped dead in the track she was making across her grey carpet, her beautiful black eyebrows arching for the ceiling. "Do you realise that I am going to be an opera singer?" she demanded.

"Well, there are a number of love songs, even humorous songs, that an opera singer——"

"I am not a singer of popular songs," interrupted Ruth indignantly.

Lieutenant Smith's mild blue eyes blinked. "These boys mustn't be emotionally disturbed, you see," he persisted temperately. "Now something light——"

"No!" cried Ruth, her black eyes snapping. "Why, I've sung before thousands and thousands of boys and what have I sung?" She paused triumphantly. "Arias from 'Tosca,' 'Mignon,' and 'Samson and Delilah'!"

"Those boys needed entertainment. Or possibly enlightenment," he added as an after-thought. "But these boys need something therapeutic."

She drummed her fingers against a book end and glared explosively at Lieutenant Smith. "Have you ever heard me sing?" she demanded through tightened lips.

"Of course. Your voice is lovely in the upper and middle registers, but sometimes it fogs over in the lower."

Instantly Ruth's face underwent another metamorphosis, becoming calm and dispassionate. She gazed at Lieutenant Smith impersonally, almost with approval. "It's my worst fault," she confided quickly. "But I'm trying to correct it. You should see the way I work and worry."

"Why worry? Your voice is beautiful."

"Oh, thank you." Ruth's eyes suddenly narrowed with suspicion. "What were you before the war?" she demanded. "A music critic?"

"A professor of English literature," he confessed.

At this point the living-room door was opened once again and only the maid's head made a second exploratory appearance. This time she introduced a tall dark captain with campaign ribbons across his chest and an air of modesty indicatting that his medals were at home.

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"Oh, but you're too young to be called Fossil," Ruth murmured sweetly.

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A Preview
TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES
The spotlight of fashion is turning to your toes . . . toes that peep out at a busy world, that are free to work, play, and to enjoy life as healthy, uncramped toes should. Soon, and it won't be long now, the new Peep Toe platform Gayee will be bringing the world to your feet

Gayee
by Gaynor
AUSTRALIA'S Loveliest SHOES

The Tempestuous Heart

Continued from page 3

A LOOK of deep intensity shone in the captain's dark eyes. He had an enormous box of flowers under one arm, and a bright-jacketed book under the other.

"Hello, Ruth," he said, managing to get a good deal of fervor into it. "Flowers."

"Oh, they're beautiful!" exclaimed Ruth with a distracted air, setting the unopened box on the piano. "Bobbie, this is Lieutenant Smith. Captain Fuller, Lieutenant Smith."

"And here," persisted the captain, thrusting the book into her hands.

"Oh," said Ruth, surveying the cover.

Lieutenant Smith leaned over her shoulder and examined the title. "You won't like it," he predicted. "That author had an original idea but no facility. His style is derivative and the last chapters are pure rubbish."

"Why, I'll love it!" cried Ruth indignantly, turning with a reassuring smile to the captain. "Every word of it!" she insisted warmly.

Lieutenant Smith picked up his cap and started unobtrusively toward the door. "I'll give you a couple of days to think it over," he said to Ruth.

"I don't need a couple of days! I've already told you——"

"Maybe you'll change your mind."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, reddening. "You know what you are, Lieutenant Smith? You're a—a bully! You're no better than a dictator—a——"

At this instant the door was thrust open once more and the maid's head reconnoitered again, lingering long enough to announce, "Mista Watruss on the telephone." As Ruth retreated to answer the call, Captain Fuller and Lieutenant Smith watched her withdrawal with unexpressed emotions.

. . . . . .

Two days after her encounter with Lieutenant Smith, Ruth had a tough day. She found a grey hair, made three recordings, and received a letter announcing the birth of a third child to her Cousin Ida, who was at least two years her junior. This last item served further to impress on her the fact that life was swiftly passing her by, that her perfect partner existed only in her wishful fancies, and that she would unquestionably die an old maid.

In mid-afternoon she decided to go out walking with Bozo, a self-respecting little terrier.

She had taken only a few steps in the warm air when she encountered Lieutenant Smith.

"I was just coming to see you," he said with an unassuming smile.

At first glance Ruth had difficulty in remembering him. When she did remember him she had no difficulty at all in lifting her chin. "I've gone out walking," she said.

"I've gone out walking with you," he replied, taking her arm.

Spring had come to the park. The trees and bushes were blossoming and there was nothing but approval in the skies, no hint of anything but balmineses in the air.

"Spring," sighed Lieutenant Smith with an appreciative sniff. He stopped in front of a tree covered with creamy pink blossoms and smiled enthusiastically. "My favorite tree," he pointed out.

Under the gentle influence of the tree Ruth quieted down enough to look, with some semblance of impartiality, at Lieutenant Smith. She saw that, although his features were undistinguished, they were far from weak. Why, it's mean to pick on him, she thought, suddenly ashamed of herself, and promptly decided to be nice to him.

She said, "It must be simply wonderful to be a professor of English. Where did you teach?"

"Melbourne University."

"Oh." Two of Ruth's cousins had gone to Melbourne University and spoke very highly of it. All at once she felt protective toward Lieutenant Smith. "Were you able to bring your family here with you?" she asked kindly.

"I haven't any family. That is, I'm not married."

"Well, I'm sure you will be," she said in an encouraging tone. "You're probably not as old as you look."

"I'm thirty-two." He smiled at her. "And you're probably not as young as you look."

"How young do I look?"

"Nineteen."

Ruth giggled. She was twenty-five and hadn't giggled since she was nineteen, so it was quite a surprise, although a pleasant one. It seemed part of the bubbling effervescence of the day and the sparkling skies. Impulsively she started to take Lieutenant Smith's arm, only to find that he was still holding hers. At this ridiculous circumstance she was forced to giggle again.

Why, he's nice, thought Ruth, with the warm flush of discovery, realising, when they were back again in sight of her flat, that they hadn't quarrelled once the rest of the afternoon, but instead had undoubtedly laid the foundation of a warm and lasting friendship.

"By the way," said Lieutenant Smith casually, as they reached the street, "I told the colonel you were going to sing a programme of popular songs. He said to tell you how much he appreciated it."

The smile that had been blooming on Ruth's face began to fade slowly, but thoroughly. "What?" she asked stonily.

"I explained that you put patriotism before everything."

"Oh, you did!" Ruth detached herself from Lieutenant Smith so precipitately that even the dog knew a war was on. "What right have you to do that?" she demanded, fire flashing from her eyes.

"Why, you are patriotic and you do want to do what's best for the boys."

"I'll decide what I want to do!" cried Ruth. "And I'll do it! And what I want to sing is the arias from 'Tosca' and 'Mignon' and 'Samson and Delilah!'"

"You'll seem very selfish," warned Lieutenant Smith sadly. "And unpatriotic."

RUTH stamped her foot, breathing hard in her fury. However, it was obvious to her that Lieutenant Smith had trapped her neatly and unscrupulously. Employing ruse, subterfuge, and downright mendacity, he had manoeuvred her into a corner from which she had no choice, temporarily, but to run up the white flag. "You can't get away with this," she ultimatumed fiercely.

Then she beat a hasty retreat with Bozo into the house.

Yet even from the depths of her perturbation she was certain of one thing—she was going to get even with Lieutenant Smith. Since she had no way of having him put in a pillory and held up to public ridicule and scorn, or reduced to the rank of private, she concluded that she would have to resort to the only weapon at her command — woman's wiles. She had no hesitancy at all in calling Lieutenant Smith and asking him to come round that evening.

The moment he accepted, her agitation vanished. She began to dress carefully, light-heartedly humming snatches of the arias from "Tosca," "Mignon," and "Samson and Delilah."

When Lieutenant Smith entered her living-room he looked pleased but cautious.

Ruth patted the sofa cushions provocatively and motioned him to her side. Her dark curls were soft and loose about her face and her grey eyes were aglow with excitement.

"I want to apologise for this afternoon," she began with a penitent air. "I hope you'll forgive me. I don't know what's the matter with me. It's just that I work so hard and get all keyed up, and then——" She paused pathetically, like a bewildered child.

"I know you work hard," agreed Lieutenant Smith promptly. "No one could accomplish what you have without it."

"I knew you'd understand!" cried Ruth happily. "You know," she added, leaning toward him in a confidential fashion, "I think we'd get along all right if we just knew each other better."

"So do I."

"Well, then, let's start!" she cried gaily. "You call me Ruth and I'll call you——"

"Josephus Foster Smith."

"Josephus?" Ruth was stunned. "I suppose you call yourself J. Foster Smith," she went on in a quick chide tone.

Lieutenant Smith shook his head. "The temptation's too much for my students. They call me Fossil——" His hands spread helplessly.

"Oh, but you're too young to be called Fossil!" Ruth murmured sweetly. "Some day, of course——" she added maliciously.

Lieutenant Smith smiled uncomfortably.

"But I think Joe's a beautiful name."

He recovered in an instant.

"Tell me all about the University," she begged.

"Well——" Lieutenant Smith knew a great deal about the University and so, as the evening wore on, did Ruth. She found it a pleasanter subject than she had supposed, but it permitted the lieutenant a degree of detachment entirely out of line with her purpose.

Ruth resolved that somewhere during the recital Lieutenant Smith should kiss her, but she had no idea how to bring this about. Although she had been kissed many times, it was always without direct responsibility on her part. Now her incompetence confused her and she began to see that she had devoted altogether too much time to arias and not enough to other pertinent matters. She became desperate.

Leaning her dark head back on the sofa she turned her eyes soulfully toward Lieutenant Smith. "How wonderful!" she breathed, although he had just mentioned that the literary society went into debt during his last year at the University.

He looked at her in some surprise, slowly travelling the distance from the halls of learning to Ruth. "Wasn't it?" he agreed uncertainly.

"It's so nice to be friends with you," sighed Ruth, edging closer. "It's so, well——" Her shoulder was brushing his now, and she was looking at him with intense ardor.

Lieutenant Smith returned her gaze manfully. For several minutes nothing was said. Ruth having no idea what to say and the lieutenant keeping his reactions strictly to himself. Then slowly he leaned toward her. He laid a hand on her cheek, tilted her face to his and kissed her.

As he drew back Ruth saw that it had been worth it. A foolish expression suffused his face and there was a happy look in his eyes. She congratulated herself.

She was prepared for the first kiss, but not for the second. It came with cyclonic force and suddenness. It had strength, velocity, and other memorable qualities. Ruth came out of it gasping.

"How dare you!" She was still gasping.

By contrast Lieutenant Smith looked quite composed. "If anyone ever asked for it you did," he replied with self-possession.

"How dare you!"

"Why, it's true."

"You read too many books!" cried Ruth.

"I read a lot," he admitted calmly, "but I think I know the difference between literature and life. Literature may be my avocation, but women are every man's business."

"How insulting!" cried Ruth, jumping up. "I've had all I can stand of this, Lieutenant Smith! Will you please go now! And let me tell you that I'm going to sing opera, or nothing, no matter how temperamental I look! I refuse to be bullied! And I'll sing so loudly I'll wake up all the students you left asleep in your classroom!"

Lieutenant Smith started obediently toward the door. "I had a very nice time," he said, bowing himself out politely.

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BRIEF HEAVEN

By ROSE FRANKEN

Another instalment of our delightful romantic serial.

"You're sure you don't mind my being an actress?" she said dreamily.

HECTIC excitement shatters the calm routine of CLAUDIA NAUGHTON'S quiet domestic life when an old friend, playwright JERRY SEYMOUR, persuades her to take a part in "Sad Ecstasy," his play, which producer SAM GOLDHEART is to present soon.

Hurried arrangements are made for family domestic BERTHA to housekeep for Claudia's husband, DAVID, and small sons BOBBY and MATTHEW, while Claudia herself goes to stay at the London home of HARTLEY and JULIA, David's brother and sister-in-law.

In a whirl of excitement, she embarks on a gruelling round of rehearsals which leave her bewildered, exhausted, but nevertheless very happy.

Now read on —

SHE would have had a nerve not to be happy, Claudia reflected, as she climbed the curved stairway to the lonely guest-room on the third floor. Julia's household was run like the most expensive hotel. But it was surprising how quickly one could get used to luxury, and how, gradually, the effect of it could wear off.

She drew back the velvet spread and flung herself on the bed, face down. After a little while she decided to wash her hair, after which she would think about doing her bills. With good management, the afternoon would be practically used up.

When she arrived at rehearsal she found, to her dismay, that scarcely a line of her part remained as it was originally written.

"It's only a week before we open in Manchester," she protested to Jim Varney, the director.

Jim laughed.

"You should be glad it isn't the day before we open in London. That happens, too. What are you so excited about? Aren't you glad you're not a flash-back any more?"

"I'm delighted," said Claudia. "I hated wearing a bustle."

It was five o'clock in the morning when Jim dropped her off at Julia's on his way home. She tiptoed upstairs, past Julia's room, directly below her own.

"Come in a minute," Julia called.

Claudia went in, surprised to find Julia home and awake. In the adjoining room she could hear Hartley snoring comfortably.

"Why on earth," Claudia whispered, "are you awake at this hour? Besides, I thought you were away."

"I came home," said Julia.

"How's Hartley?"

"All right, I suppose. Why shouldn't he be?"

"He had his gall-bladder again this afternoon."

Julia received the news without perturbation. Claudia marvelled at her composure. Even in bed Julia was composed and tailored, with her dark hair as smooth as if no human hand had touched it. She wasn't the sort that tousled easily.

"I don't sleep very well," Julia explained.

It was strange to think that Hartley could be so oblivious of her wakefulness. David would have felt it, if Claudia had been wakeful.

"Besides," Julia continued, "I was a little worried when you didn't come home."

Claudia was touched, for Julia was the last person in the world she would have expected to worry. Probably all women, she reflected, were mother-hens at heart.

"After all," Julia excused herself, "David left you in my charge."

"He didn't happen to phone last night, did he?"

There was the slightest hesitation in Julia's reply.

"Not that I know of," she sad. "Who brought you home just now?"

"Jim Varney, the director."

"A strange, homely fellow, very attractive," said Julia. "I met him at a dinner-party a few weeks ago. He's got quite a reputation."

"You mean, directing?"

"No," said Julia. "Though he's probably very skilled at that, too."

"I'd never thought of him as being attractive," said Claudia.

"That's good," said Julia. "Better run up to bed and get some sleep."

It was hard to turn day into night. She tossed and turned, and at seven o'clock lifted the receiver and rang David. Sunday or not, she knew he'd be up—jobs on a farm had no respect for holidays. Perhaps he'd change his mind and run up to see her for a little while.

"I can't see the point of it," he told her.

"But we're not rehearsing until three. We can have all that time together."

"I couldn't get there until almost three," he said.

She swallowed her pride.

"There's a nine o'clock train, and you're up and dressed."

He said: "We've got to get the baby chicks out of the incubator into the brooder this morning."

"I see." Tears of fatigue and hurt thickened her voice. "If you don't want to com , all right."

He didn't even notice that she was close to crying, and she'd blamed Hartley for sleeping while Julia was awake.

"Don't be unreasonable, darling," he chided her. "Of course I'd like to see you——"

"That's so nice of you," she broke in bitterly. "Are the children there? I'd like to talk to them."

"That's right, it's Sunday — no school."

"Matthew's up, though, isn't he?"

"Matthew?" David cleared his throat. "He was here a minute ago. I think he went downstairs."

She had a vision of Matthew being very busy and important, and, unlike Bobby, not at all concerned with a grown-up world. Four years old was a wonderful age to be, an independent, unaware age, full of sensation without significance. Matthew wouldn't care if she never came home, and neither, apparently, would David, she decided with a sudden rush of self-pity. He seemed to forget that she hadn't really wanted to accept the part of Cornelia, but he had literally pushed her into it.

"Look," she felt like shouting at him, "I can't help it if I had to rehearse all night! I'm not running the theatre, you know!" Instead, she controlled herself with a supreme effort and said, as civilly as she could: "You're getting along very nicely without me."

"We're fine," he said obliquely. "Don't worry about us." At the last moment he must have sensed, belatedly, that she felt alone, and lonely, for he added: "I'll try to get up on Tuesday afternoon."

It was on the tip of her tongue to come back with "Why not tomorrow?" but she restrained the impulse. There were limits of eagerness which even a wife ought not to overstep.

"Tuesday will be fine," she said.

TWO days passed in a blur of new lines, new business, and endless quarrels and discussions. There was a fierce argument over renaming the play "Happy Trouble." Jerry haunted the theatre with his agent, looking every inch the distracted author. The agent was a dark, short man with bulging eyes, who always seemed about to put his foot down, without doing it. Nobody paid any attention to him.

On Monday night, Annabel Page burst into hysterics and handed in her part, but nobody paid any attention to her. On Tuesday morning Mr. Goldheart put in an appearance. He wore his hat on the back of his head, and seemed very pleased with the new title, which turned out to be his. Then he vanished, and returned at lunch-time, while Claudia, in the absence of the others, went through a new scene with Clifton.

"Louder, louder, louder!" Mr. Goldheart boomed from the darkness of the deserted stalls, which was the first Claudia knew of his presence. A moment later he was clambering up on the stage. "No, no, no!" he shouted. "Speak up! Put some expression in it! Register something when Clifton tells you he met Maggie!" He showed her.

She watched him closely, but she was hopelessly inept. He gave up at last and strode off, muttering something about incompetents, and what was the theatre coming to, to pay fifty pounds a week to an amateur who had never had her feet in sawdust.

"Don't mind him, the old stooge," Clifton comforted her. "He always sneaks in and tries to rewrite and direct any show he produces. He's known for it."

"Mr. Goldheart didn't really want me for the part from the beginning," she confessed to Clifton, and burst into tears.

When Jim returned from his sandwich and coffee lunch he surmised at once what had happened, and his lips got even thinner than they normally were, and an ivory color came round his nostrils. He put his arm round her and kissed her like a brother, and told her to go out and get something to eat.

She wasn't hungry, so she sat out in the theatre, and continued to weep softly. In a little while Jerry stole in with his agent, moaning as if in pain. She wondered whether it was his stomach that occasioned his distress, or the big scene that Mr. Goldheart had written for Annabel.

Clifton's voice suddenly called her name, and his shadowy form beckoned her from the aisle.

"A telephone call for you."

It was David. He was sorry to disturb her at the theatre, but was she expecting him up? Her heart sank. She had forgotten that this was Tuesday, and that he had planned to come in. She said: "Of course, darling," and was miserably aware that she was not telling the truth. She could not bring herself to say: "David, this has turned into such a nightmare all at once, I forgot that you and the children existed."

A great relief flooded her when he began, a little hesitantly, to break the news to her that it was going to be hard for him to get away—Edward needed a hand with some fencing that the cows had broken through that morning.

"Of course," she said, "I understand." And lest he misread her ready acceptance for indifference, she added with honesty: "It's just as well, darling, because I'll probably have to rehearse until all hours. The script's been all changed. I'm not a flash-back any longer."

"That's good," said David.

"The children all right?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I'll ring you up to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724611

Flight From Teheran

By WILLIAM MAKIN

"WE'RE going to a party given by the most notorious character in Teheran," said Bentley, wrapping a rug about his long legs as we settled in the car.

"After reading a history of the Shahs, I'm prepared to be tolerant," I said. "Who is our host?"

"Prince Mohammed Kerbela," said Bentley.

"Decidedly we are honored."

"You don't know his reputation."

"Is it bad?"

"Excessively so."

"And yet you accept the invitation?"

"Everybody does—at least, those fortunate enough to secure one." Bentley chuckled. "Apart from his notoriety, he is immensely rich, possesses the finest collection of Persian carpets I've ever seen, and is a most knowledgeable man."

"Anything else?"

"Ah, yes; he has a most beautiful daughter."

"Altogether a man of many assets," I said, gazing out of the window at the flickering screen of the Teheran streets. "May one ask how he became notorious?"

"At the age of twelve, Prince Kerbela murdered his mother," said Bentley, quietly. "He explains that she dared to object to the woman he had decided to marry."

"At the age of twelve!" I repeated.

"He poisoned her," said Bentley. "Perhaps he will relate the story again this evening if he considers you sufficiently interesting. Prince Kerbela has told the story many times. He tells it charmingly."

I gazed quickly at Bentley; but the ambitious Second Secretary of the British Legation was serious.

"And after the murder of his mother, did he marry the woman of his choice?" I asked.

"No; he ignored her. After all, she was only a peasant woman who had been brought in to nurse him as a child. He went to Europe—Monte Carlo, Paris, Deauville—and amused himself in spending much of the fortune he had inherited. After some years he came back to Persia and married the daughter of a rich landowner. His wealth was further increased. Then the daughter, Mahi Manzar, was born."

"And shall we see the Princess Kerbela, his wife?"

Bentley shook his head.

"No. She disappeared several years ago, soon after the birth of her child. I should not ask the Prince about his wife."

"I think I'm going to enjoy my first Persian party," I murmured.

We arrived at the palace area of Teheran. Here the high walls, tiled domes and mosaics gave me an impression of the Forbidden City in Peking.

"Alms, for the love of Allah!"

The ancient sob in Persian came to us from an old crone who drew a tattered chadar of printed cloth across part of her face. Her hand was held out greedily. We ignored her.

"You cannot leave me here to die," sobbed the woman, seizing my coat with one hand and keeping her chadar half across her face with the other. Then, surprisingly, she broke into French: "Have pity on me! I am hungry and desperate. I too have a right to enter this house. I am no ordinary beggar-woman."

I stopped, at that. I thrust ten reals into her palm. Her mouth worked, convulsively.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am the Princess Kerbela," she laughed, harshly.

The next moment she had completely vanished.

Bentley was impatiently calling to me. I followed him up the marble steps of the little palace.

At the top of the staircase Prince Mohammed Kerbela received his guests. His daughter stood by his side. My bow was a perfunctory one, for the Prince attracted immediate attention. An eaglelike gaze flashed from the sombre eyes. A hooked nose jutted forth from a long but handsome face.

His garb was the apotheosis of that hackneyed word, immaculate.

His dark, sombre appearance was emphasised by his white tie and shirt-front, and when he spoke it was with the rich, vibrant voice of an actor.

"I am delighted you were able to come. Mr. Bentley tells me you're a writer. We must have a talk later in the evening. Meantime, permit me to present my daughter."

I turned with some reluctance to Mahi Manzar, a handsome, stately girl, with dark hair and inscrutable dark eyes. She held out a slim hand.

The Prince proceeded to welcome a group of Americans who had just arrived. Among them was the military attache, Captain Robert Browne. We nodded to each other but Browne's nod was perfunctory. He had turned eagerly to Mahi Manzar; she responded with a shy smile and a slight flush on her olive cheeks.

"You've kept those dances for me?" I heard him ask.

"You demand so many," she smiled.

"I need them all," he replied boldly.

Her fan went to her rouged lips in a warning gesture. Prince Kerbela was frowning down upon them. He was about to say something, but turned impatiently as a footman whispered in his ear. A murderous gleam came to those sombre eyes.

"Send her away!" he said angrily. "See that she does not dare to interfere with my guests as they arrive. If she does, seize her and put her in one of the cellars."

Then he turned with a smile to welcome a group of elderely Persians panting from their ascent of the staircase. Bentley and I continued on our way, finding ourselves at length in a magnificent ballroom, with a bar and gaming-room visible at the far end.

The Persian women who sauntered in and out of the room self-consciously smoothing their frocks seemed in perpetual surprise at meeting themselves in a mirror, unveiled. They were, however, eager to dance. Bentley pushed me in the direction of a Frenchwoman married to a Persian general. While we danced on the rich carpet which rose in wool and silken waves beneath our feet, she told me the sad story of her ten years in Persia—in ten minutes.

After the dance I left her and sauntered into the gaming-room. Dandified Persian officers, choking in the high-buttoned collars of their khaki uniforms, bent eagerly over a table where baccarat for big stakes was being played. An American and a British officer were among the players. I was amused at a very podgy man with an apoplectic face holding the bank. Winning, too! Thousand-real notes were stacked at his elbow. He was greedily intent on the money.

"Who is he?" I asked Bentley, whom I found at my side.

"Another obvious character, a modern Persian profiteer. His name is Assad. He's just made a fortune from selling hoarded wheat."

"He seems in a fair way to making another at baccarat."

"Yes," nodded Bentley. "Luck always comes to those who are rich. He is going to marry our host's daughter."

"To marry Mahi Manzar!"

"Why not? He's had the experience of two wives already, and divorced them. Now he can afford to aim higher with his wealth."

"Does her father, the Prince, approve?" I asked.

"He always approves of rich people."

Even as we spoke, Prince Kerbela entered the room. Such was the arresting personality of the man that everybody looked up. He smiled, disarmingly.

"Continue your play, gentlemen. Please do not let me disturb you." At the same time he bent over the fortunate, podgy man. "Assad, I've not noticed you dancing this evening."

"No," nodded Assad, his greedy eyes intent on the cards. "I prefer to gamble when my luck is in, as it is to-night. Please do leave me alone, Prince."

The Prince's handsome face darkened.

"You may be losing something that is not so easily won back," he said, quietly.

Assad laughed, carelessly.

"For the moment I prefer my winnings here."

I saw murder in the eyes of Prince Kerbela. But the sudden glint was gone as he turned away from the table. He saw me standing there.

"Ah, this seems a propitious time for our promised talk. Come along and see my library."

He linked his arm with mine.

The library was in a glossy Continental style. It looked rich, even ostentatious.

"Take the easy chair," said Prince Kerbela, with a gesture. He had seated himself at a desk.

I looked round the room. The portrait of a heavy-jowled woman frowned down upon me from the opposite wall.

"That was my mother," said Prince Kerbela. "I poisoned her, as you've probably heard."

The theatrical tone of his voice irked me.

"I had heard some such rumor," I said, "but naturally I didn't believe it."

"And why not?"

"Surely such things don't happen, except in the pages of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'" I said coldly.

"But I assure you it did happen. The thing had to be done. My mother refused me the woman I wished to marry—at the moment. Until then I had always had what I wanted. I secured poison from one of her own maids who hated her. My mother died three days later."

"I am delighted you were able to come," the Prince said to us in greeting.

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WINTER PREVIEW

● Full back-belted striped blue and white wool jacket suit (top) from Paquin, suitable for the slender figure.

● Chocolate-brown snug topcoat from Molyneux, belted and with full off-the-shoulder sleeves. Bonnet hat tied with green velvet by Reboux.

● Typically Parisian suit from Hermes in beige corduroy velvet with yoke top and sleeves all in one. Scarlet cravat for color relief.

● An enormous wool-lined topper coat in deep olive green from Maggy Rouff, and a silver grey Suzanne Talbot hat.

● Edwardian elegance in Maggy Rouff's beautifully swathed mist-grey soft crepe afternoon dress.

● Generous drapery highlights Robert Piguet's lime-green crepe or fine sheer wool cocktail frock.

● Hourglass figure-line in Le-long's blue wool dress with finely pleated skirt. Modified blue bonnet by Gabrielle.

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New York

• Truly New York in inspiration is the ice-blue grosgrain cocktail suit, with chunky gold ornaments and tiny frivolous hat.

• French influence is seen in this black satin American model with bunchy hip-drape and chin-high directoire neckline.

• Deep forest-green satin damask for American Herbert Sondheim's charming restaurant suit with bustle back, and matching velvet hat.

• Perfect example of American design in a streamlined teal-blue tailored suit with deep-set wing sleeves, and up-swept Breton felt hat.

• Red wool topcoat from New York. Very full, double-breasted, nipped-in at waist, and lavishly trimmed with rich brown fur.

• From Fifth Avenue, New York, comes a simple, perfectly cut, ice-blue wool dress with dropped shoulder-yoke and batwing sleeves. Gloves and bag in deeper blue.

• Famous designer Adrian suggests a full, flaring, wool topper suit in rich dark green — nutmeg-brown hat and shoes.

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PERSONALISED FOUNDATIONS

25/188

The Tempestuous Heart

Continued from page 4

As always when she was about to sing, Ruth was extremely nervous. She paced up and down her living-room two evenings later, waiting for the car the Army was going to send to drive her to the military hospital. Her hands were cold, her mental outlook depressing.

When the bell finally rang, she jumped up, as if she too were wired for electricity, and opened the door to a competitive masculine trio — Captain Fuller, Michael Watruss, and Lieutenant Smith.

"We met in the elevator," explained the captain.

"Hello, Beautiful," greeted Michael.

"I'm glad you have your coat on," Smith said. "We have to catch a ferry."

Ruth trembled with rage. "Do you think I'm going with you?" she demanded.

"The car's outside," he said.

"I'm going in your car, Bobbie," she confided beguilingly to the captain.

The captain's handsome face fell "I haven't any petrol, Ruth."

"Then I'm going with you, Michael," she corrected, with equal bewitchment.

"Of course. What are my cars for?" Michael always spoke of his possessions in the plural. "I'd ring the chauffeur and have him run one over in a jiffy, only he's off to-night. But I'll get one here pronto—if I can get a taxi—who knows, maybe I can get a taxi."

Ruth rolled her eyes from the captain to Michael with the look of one betrayed.

"Let's get going," Lieutenant Smith said, taking her arm and steering for the door.

"Let go!" cried Ruth, struggling. "Michael! Bob! Help! Knock him down! Beat him up! Throw him out of the window!"

A moment of stunned silence followed this ferocious entreaty, during which the captain and Michael took the measure of Lieutenant Smith. He in turn took theirs, and not without trepidation, for both were built on far vaster proportions than he.

"Captain Fuller, don't let this man out of your sight for ten minutes," he barked abruptly. "Orders!" Giving Ruth a violent jerk, he slammed the door behind them.

The captain turned obediently on Michael with all the tenderness of a nervous watchdog. Then he suddenly exploded. "Orders! Well, the cheek! He's only a lieutenant!" And with one accord he and Michael sprang to the door. Too late. The elevator had already gone down.

For her part, Ruth was crouched against one side of the front seat of the Army car, glaring. "Before I'm through with——"

"Don't talk," commanded Lieutenant Smith.

"Don't tell me——"

"Forget about me and calm yourself. You will have to sing in an hour."

Ruth shoved farther into the upholstery and started to concentrate nervously on the fact that she had to sing in an hour. She made herself take long, even breaths. By a great effort of will, she forced Lieutenant Smith out of her mind, replacing him with the arias from "Tosca," "Mignon," and "Samson and Delilah."

By the time they reached the ferry she was conscious of Smith only as a dim outline. When they arrived at the hospital she smiled at him vaguely, with sweet detachment, as at a total stranger.

The boys were already waiting for her, grouped round the piano, some on crutches or in wheel-chairs, others with arms or heads or chests bandaged. As Ruth looked at them she longed with all her heart to bring a breath of comfort to the patient suffering she felt in the room. She sang her first aria flawlessly. The applause was prompt, yet she saw that the boys were restless.

As she started to announce the next number, Lieutenant Smith interrupted. "Miss MacDonald would like to sing, 'Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!'" he said firmly. Ruth shot him an infuriated glance, but the applause was so spontaneous that she nodded at the pianist. It began to be a beautiful evening. After she had finished the song she asked them if they would like to hear "Embraceable You." They shouted their approval. Then she told them to call their requests. They yelled for "Swinging on a Star" and innumerable other popular songs. One of the boys had a banjo and, when Ruth didn't know the tune, picked it out for her. They all sang together, Ruth's voice rising above the rest, golden and light.

Before she went away she had promised to come back the next week, prepared to sing anything they wanted.

The car was on the ferry once more before she was fully aware that Lieutenant Smith was still with her.

"You needn't think," she said immediately, "that you had anything to do with it. It was simply that under the circumstances——"

"You don't have to explain to me that you're a nice girl. I knew it all the time."

"Oh!" said Ruth indignantly.

"Get out and we'll look at the moon."

Ruth was so annoyed that she got out of the car before she realised what she was doing. In fact, she was standing by the rail beside Lieutenant Smith before she launched her next attack. "Of all the presumptuous—"

"Be quiet, and look at the moon," he said.

"Don't tell me to——"

"Be quiet, and look at the moon!" he roared.

So Ruth kept quiet and looked at the moon. It was a beautiful moon, round and mellow and honeyed. It shed a shimmering reflection on the water, delicate and romantic. Ruth sighed and, for some unaccountable reason, began to feel deliciously happy.

"It's a beautiful moon," she sighed, and added without any reason, "I'd like to see it over the ocean."

"We'll see the moon there on our honeymoon," said Lieutenant Smith.

"What?"

"We'll sit and just gaze."

"You s-said——"

"I said we'd see the moon on our honeymoon. I'm asking you to marry me, Ruth."

Ruth's dark eyes opened wide. "Well," she gasped, " I must say I admire your courage. Bob and Michael are both dying to ask me to marry them, but they haven't the nerve. They're afraid of me. And yet look at them—glamor boys! Yes," she conceded with a grudging nod of admiration, "you had courage to ask me to marry you. Naturally, I'm glad," she concluded, "because it gives me the opportunity to turn you down—flat."

"Oh, it didn't take much courage," he said modestly. "Some, of course, but not much. I know you're beautiful and glamorous, and probably make more money than I do, but you just happen to be in a profession that pays more. We're both doing the best we can, and that's what counts. And fundamentally, we're alike. We have the same tastes and background and want the same things out of life. And you're not turning me down," he added quietly. "You're accepting me."

"I'm turning you down so—"

"Be quiet, and look at the moon."

So Ruth was quiet and looked at the moon again. It seemed nearer and more exciting. Its light was casting a warm reflection on her heart. She sighed once more and felt a deep contentment. At last she had found a man who wasn't afraid of her, who could boss her and knew it. And he was the nicest man she'd ever known.

She laid a shy hand on his arm. "I'll be a very docile wife," she promised happily.

"I know," he replied and added automatically, "look at the moon. Hey!" he exclaimed in excitement. "Oh bother the moon! I haven't kissed you yet!"

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WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

She was spoiled, of course, but that was what he wanted.

"It's just like old times, Pete," Marilyn exclaimed joyously.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

THE bus rolled up and stopped. Pete put his bag aboard and settled his long body comfortably. Two dusty hours and then he would really be home. His blue eyes were bright. It was four months since he had been home, and it was a long time to be away from Marilyn.

It still was incredible to him that he had lived in the same town with Marilyn all his life and never known her until last summer. She had grown up while he had been wasting his time, with prudent impermanence, upon other girls. He had been extremely close to being engaged to Dody Bennett in June. Marriage was in the air, sweeping up half of their generation.

Then he saw Marilyn at a dance at the Yacht Club and thanked Fate that he had not committed himself with Dody.

"You seem interested in little Marilyn Lane," Dody commented. They were dancing, and he had not realised that she could see how his eyes followed Marilyn's frail blondness, the swirling froth of her white gown. "She's a pretty girl, and a sweet one," she added gallantly.

It did not occur to Pete to wonder why Dody became suddenly so much more popular than usual. He merely, for a second time that evening, thanked Fate and asked Marilyn to dance.

"You've gone and grown up when I wasn't looking," he told her.

She laughed. "I've looked at you," she said, and he felt a constriction near his heart, as though he were a seventeen-year-old boy, falling, for the first time, in love.

"I think we ought to talk about it," he persisted dizzily.

"About what?" He did not answer, and she added, "About your not looking at me or about my looking at you?"

"Both," he said. "Could you — I mean would you — I mean why don't we——"

She laughed again. "The usual approach is to ask a girl to the movies," she informed him. "That's moving your pawn."

He blinked. "Do you play chess?"

"Quite well," she answered, and he blinked again.

"You don't look it," he said.

"Don't I?" She swayed backward against his arm, so that he had to look straight into her face. She was as pretty as a dream, but her forehead was broad and high, her head well rounded. Her child's eyes were wide-set and intelligent, her small chin firm. "Why don't you call for me at eight to-morrow evening?" she suggested.

He took Dody home and kissed her good-night as usual, but she ceased to exist for him as he turned away. He had never, he thought, seen a girl like Marilyn.

It frightened him that she was so young. Nineteen to his twenty-six; seven long years between them.

He did not worry about it precisely. It did, however, give him a hitherto unknown sense of responsibility. Marilyn wanted to marry him before he left. He wanted her desperately, but he loved her so much that it did not seem fair to her.

The night before he left, they went for a drive and sat, close together and solemn, in his parked car.

"It sounds silly to say it, but I'll love you all my life," Marilyn told him. "I'm really awfully angry with you for not marrying me."

He pulled her into his arms and held her close. Then he pushed her away from him and started the engine.

He had kissed her good-bye in the car, in front of her mother's house, and he had not seen her since. He had her photograph in his wallet, another in his writing-case, and an almost constant vision of her before his eyes. As the weeks of hard training progressed, she became more even than the girl he loved. She was a symbol of everything they were all uniting to keep.

She was a helpless, feminine girl. She was the ideal of what every man in the armed forces fought for—to preserve her world and to return to her in it. She was spoiled, of course, and petted, but he liked her that way. Pete's motto, he told himself: Win the War to Keep Marilyn Spoiled — and Petted.

They wrote letters daily and Pete saved those letters, stacking them according to date, tying them in small bundles.

In November she wrote: "I'm going to go to defence school, Pete. They've opened one in the old schoolhouse on Barnes Street, and they're going to have all sorts of courses. I'm to see Mr. Freeman, who's in charge, to-morrow, and I'll write you all about it."

Pete laughed to himself. Defence school, my eye! Would Marilyn drill with a rifle or learn to throw hand grenades? He wrote her: "If you're going into defence, I'm coming home. The war's as good as won. The enemy will be in your hands."

Her second letter was written before she received that. "It's wonderful and exhilarating, Pete. Mr. Freeman used to be foreman at the Parker Machine Company. He is going to have courses in all sorts of work—machine operating, airplane riveting, welding, and everything. Your old boss, Mr. Walker, is making us a present of a lot of rough castings that the students can learn on. Mr. Freeman is terribly enthusiastic. He wants girls, because the more women who can go into factories, the more men will be released for service and the sooner the war will be over and you'll come home. Isn't it sweet of Mr. Freeman to go to all this trouble just for us?"

"I'm wondering about you, young lady," he wrote back to Marilyn. "Is it the school or is teacher good looking? Do you take him a red apple when you come to class? I bet you're teacher's pet. Please describe Mr. Daniel Freeman. He sounds too healthy to be out of uniform. I bet his real name is 4-F Charley."

Marilyn chose to ignore that paragraph. For a week her letters were so filled with other news that Pete decided she had given up Mr. Daniel Freeman and his teachings. He wrote and asked her about it, and she replied: "I'm still going to school, Pete, and it's still fun. When you come home, I'll take you down there. When you come home! Oh, darling, I count the days and the hours and the minutes and the seconds!"

Which was more like it, except that now, sitting in the bus on the last leg of his journey home, Pete was aware of subconscious stirrings and presentiments. It was still fun, was it? Mr. Daniel Freeman, the old joker. The more Pete thought about him, the more convinced he became that Daniel was just a pseudonym for Public Enemy No. 1 of all servicemen.

The bus finally stopped at his street, and Pete got off. He looked at his wrist-watch and reflected that three in the afternoon was an awkward hour to arrive anywhere, even home.

Marilyn's blue roadster was parked against the kerb outside his house. They had been looking out the window, because the front door opened as he turned up the walk, and his mother flung her arms about him. Cissie kissed his cheek, and Marilyn waited, a little apart. When he met her eyes, she was smiling and blinking at tears.

"Hello, Marilyn," he said. He had never kissed her in front of anyone, but she put her arm about his neck and drew his head down, and he kissed her eagerly and forgot his mother and Cissie watching him.

"Stand where we can see you," his mother ordered. "Goodness, I never realised what a really smart uniform it is!"

"It's all in who's wearing it," Cissie said, laughing. . . "What do you think, Pete? Tommy Armour's in the Air Force and Liz has his job at the Light and Power."

Caroline Weston sat down and picked up her knitting.

"Everybody's doing something," she said. "And the town, Pete! You wouldn't know it. So many strangers."

His mother and Cissie interrupted each other with swift thrusts of news, and Pete made fitting exclamations, like clues in a charade, and wondered how soon he and Marilyn could be alone.

"I've got to go," Cissie said abruptly. "Red Cross. See you at dinner, Pete."

His mother knitted serenely. It was too early for tea, too early for any easing interruption.

"Why don't we take a little drive?" he asked Marilyn. "I'd like to see how the old town looks."

She said hesitantly, "Pete, I haven't got the gas. I have to use the car to get to school." She paused unhappily, seeing both the disappointment and the flash of irritation in his face.

"We could go for a walk," Marilyn offered.

Pete scowled. It was cold outside, and he was suddenly tired. He did not give a hang about anything except being with Marilyn.

Caroline Weston put down her knitting decisively. "Goodness, I nearly forgot! I have to go over to Mary Armour's. I'll be back by five-thirty, Pete."

Marilyn sat looking into the cold fireplace. Pete moved restlessly about the room.

"I feel like a little boy wanting to get away from grown people," he said. "Let's hide in the hall cupboard." He grinned. "I know! Let's go to the attic. I haven't been up there for years."

They felt like children, laughing and climbing the stairs. Pete kissed her on the first landing, where the grandfather's clock stood at the turn in the staircase. He kissed her on the second floor and on the top floor, and reached up to push the trapdoor to the attic. She climbed behind him, and at the top he caught her hands to help her out.

"It's just like old times, Pete," she exclaimed joyously.

"You darling!" he told her, and sneezed. It was cold inside the attic, and there was nowhere to sit except the floor. The oblong windows were furry with snow; the light seeping through them was strange and unnatural. Everything seemed strange and strained, even Marilyn. He held her off and looked at her, and her face seemed different.

"There's been nobody else?" he demanded fiercely.

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IN MOSCOW the word is . . .

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By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

THIS is a sad day for me. It is the fourth anniversary of the last time I moved.

In my 20 years as a flat-dweller, four years is the longest time I have ever been at one address.

In those four years—as I could not move to a new flat—I have sought solace in moving the furniture.

There is not one stretch of the sitting-room wall which has not been gazed on by the silverfish as they gnawed away happily at the contents of the bookshelves.

The pictures have been seen at various angles by my callers who exclaim with delight or derision at the current change.

My bedroom, however, was the bigger challenge, as it has two doors, five windows, and seven different angles in the walls.

How to rearrange a bed, a home-made cupboard, a built-in wardrobe, a desk, a window seat, and two chairs was therefore a problem worthy of only the most highly qualified moving expert.

I am proud to say that every article in the room has enjoyed several different placings through the years, except for the wardrobe, which of necessity had to remain constant.

Only the really restless flat-dweller knows the exhilarating sense of freedom of a good moving day.

The humiliation of seeing one's possessions out in the wide, impersonal street is temporarily over as the movers drape them decently in the van.

Behind is the empty flat, the rooms as deceptively spacious as the day you decided, "I'll live happily here for the rest of my life."

The nagging patch of torn wall-paper where the big armchair always bumped the wall, the dripping tap, the broken window catch will no more jag the nerves.

As you sweep out of the building carrying the bit of crystal that was too precious to pack, you cast a triumphant glance at the garbage bins, remembering all the things—the spare casserole lid, the scraps of material, the old magazines—that you finally had the willpower to discard.

For a few minutes or hours—as you travel from the old address to the new—you are a person of no address, a rover, a wanderer, as free as the wind.

But ahead is that inspiring phenomenon, an empty flat, in which to wear off a few stone pushing the furniture round until it is placed to your liking.

There was that rich year in which I had five different addresses, culminating in what, I understand, is one of the higher forms of moving—the double move, in which two moves are made with the one furniture-removing van.

A friend moved into my flat as I moved out. A practical and economical scheme, we thought.

But it rained just as my friend's belongings were beginning to "come in."

Best-laid plans—

AS she ran to cedar, and I to expedient and rather battered "modern," it was decided to reverse the move in midstream.

So my "pieces," looking even more inferior in the harsh outdoors, grew soggy on the pavement, while the old cedar swept past disparagingly up the stairs.

The co-operative move was somewhat strained by the time my friend's piano stuck half-way through the door, with me safe and dry inside, and my friend wet and harassed on the outside.

Then there was a move that can only be described as a collector's piece.

It is known among my friends as "Pansy's moving day."

Pansy was a kitten so endearing that even I, not very addicted to cats, allowed her to stay when she arrived—apparently a lady of no fixed abode.

She arrived a few days after I had moved to a garden flat, and further entrenched herself by supervising all the happy, busy days of moving the furniture round and round till we had it all where we liked it.

Through the halcyon months Pansy and I rearranged the furniture in fascinating permutations, until inventiveness could do no more, and I looked for another flat.

I decided darkly and secretly that Pansy would not accompany me on the next move.

But a few days before the furniture removers would shout "Tally ho" at the gate, Pansy became a mother.

I arranged with the neighbors to adopt Pansy and her children, and moved her out to the washhouse, where she would be undisturbed by the evacuation.

But Pansy was a wake-up. Every time the front door opened to disgorge a piece of furniture Pansy sneaked in with a kitten in her mouth.

I removed mother and child—I never did know whether it was the same child each time—from a box of crockery, from inside the wardrobe, from my hatbox, from a lampshade, until finally I locked the washhouse door on her.

Then I voyaged away across country to my new address. Everything was installed in a glorious state of confusion, and I sat down amongst it to enjoy it all.

There was a piteous mew from among the saucepans. Pansy had had the last word.

I had to postpone my joyous weight-lifting among the furniture to voyage across country again and restore Pansy's lost child to her.

Having run the gamut of changed placings, and as the housing shortage makes it still foolhardy to contemplate a move, I must now start from the beginning again.

This week my bed will go back to where it was in 1942, and at last I shall be able to use the telephone without getting out of bed, having in a moment when virtuosity was at low ebb had the phone installed with a short length of cord.

In moments of despair I lean back in an armchair, with half-closed eyes, and imagine how the flat would look with the furniture arranged on the ceiling; but it is poor compensation for a real moving day.

I can recite from memory the names of the tenants on the board in the entrance-hall, and if I am fenced in much longer I shall have to rearrange all the letters in the names—just to give an illusion of change.

It's from the staff . . . they say . . .
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Latest decrees from world's fashion capitals

AAGE THAARUP'S new "bustle" hat in black satin features Australian wattle for trimming.

CHECKMATES — strapless evening frock with bustle bow, gloves, and fan—all in brown-and-white check tie silk, by Bruno of Spectator Sports, New York.

Radioed by
ANNE MATHESON
who is now at the Paris dress shows after seeing the London collections.

London stresses hips, but Paris hobbles in decades-old directoire line, at spring shows

Dazzling and bewildering changes in fashion are the outcome of the spring fashion shows in London and Paris.

Liberated from the restrictions of the war years, the designers have let their heads go. But in spite of their diversity, the new clothes are all ultra-feminine.

LONDON and Paris agree on some points—shoulders are soft and rounded, necks very low, waists small. Raglan and cap sleeves add shoulder softness, coats are full and belted at the back.

Skirts carry their fullness in the front, and drapery softens bodice, sleeves and skirt.

Yellow is the new color in both London and Paris, and turquoise-blue is second favorite in Paris.

But from there on, fashion, as decreed by London and Paris, resolves itself into the battle of the hips.

At the London dress shows hips were accented by padding in suits, swathings and drapery on afternoon frocks, peplums and frills in fancy tailleurs, and flowers and jewellery for dramatic evening gowns.

The Paris shows were like flash-backs to 1912, with hobble skirts, directoire drapes, low necks, and cutaway coats—all the styles that flickered across the screen when films were in their infancy.

They suggested all the elegance of 22-button gloves, pointed high-heel shoes, and parasols.

The new Paris figure is hipless, flattened in front, with a slim torso and pouter-pigeon bust.

The 1946 figure

Frocks are so tight they must be buttoned or zippered right down the back—requiring a lady's maid or a patient husband. Backs in frocks and jackets are perfectly plain.

With a lightweight tailleur of tight skirt and cutaway coat Lucien Lelong showed a boater hat in coarse straw pushed right back on the head. With this went a tightly rolled umbrella tucked under the arm, and the new walk necessary to upward-draped or hobble skirts—a slight tilt back in the carriage and mincing steps.

Every man in Paris is beaming with delight over the new ultra-feminine hats—granny's bonnets with flowers, veils, or feathers, and velvet ribbons under the chin, the Salvation Army lass' bonnet in buckram covered with gaily patterned jinen, the child's bonnet in bright stiffened cotton—all worn so far back on the head that a new widow's peak hairline is needed, and brows must be massaged till every war wrinkle is smoothed away.

American battle-blouses were copied by Maggy Rouff, but in swiss embroidered linen, heavy striped silk, and corduroy velvet.

Coats made news in all the collections—many of them modern versions of the 1912 motoring coat—long and straight, with raglan sleeves, and with veiled hats as the perfect accompaniment.

But Maggy Rouff's sports coats were very dressy—full round the waist and neatly belted at the back.

London and Paris both show lovely ballerina evening frocks for the young, some with off-the-shoulder strapless bodices. Lelong adds a peacock hemline to some of his.

Both Molyneux in London and Schiaparelli in Paris have captured the fine elegance of the Chinese in pencil-slim dresses, sometimes slit at the side or the front.

Schiaparelli adds beautiful mandarin-type coats in color combinations that only she can devise—vivid yellows and rich oranges, and the new "Paris" pink that is a deeper version of her shocking-pink.

London stole a march on Paris, showing the spring collections three weeks before the French capital.

It was London's first big parade since the war. All the clothes were designed for export only, and were free of austerity restrictions. But they were not for British women, who must continue to wear austerity styles.

London's new figure is corseted. A wasp-waist built up on a low waistline is achieved by small versions of grandmother's stays specially suited for new figures with a "hippy" effect.

Next to yellow—from lime to gold—reds and rusty-brown are featured, also chalk-green, dove - grey, dusty-pink. Rainbow hues are worked into some dramatic ensembles.

Very little black is used, the town suit being in navy-blue with white pique trims.

But outstanding aspect of the London collections were the fabrics. They were so lovely that they needed no extravagant ornamentation.

Small patterns on close scrutiny showed horses, birds, faces, even tinned food!

Woollens appeared in pairs—two and three color herringbone designs, straight and diagonal stripes. Blouses matched linings for suits.

Pastels, especially pink, were used for feminine tailleurs, replacing classic suits.

"Circus girl" evening frocks were encrusted with jewels and sequins in brilliant colors. But balanced against these were pastel slipper satins and demure nets in old-world picture frocks.

Most of the designers had something neway in hiplines.

Rahvis showed heavily pleated and folded peplums on jackets. Bianca Mosca used wide triangular motifs on jacket hips to match fancy revers on evening and cocktail suits.

Continued on page 25

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AMERICAN DESIGNS FOR THE COLLEGE SET

Miss Vera Du Clair, noted American designer of "College Set" clothes, who recently arrived in Australia, has sketched some of her latest designs specially for The Australian Women's Weekly

In America, where a special accent is placed on fashions for college and teen-age girls, Miss Du Clair has achieved a continent-wide reputation.

European by birth, she is an American citizen, and went to the States nine years ago. She learned the couturier's art in Paris, and the tailor's in London.

As she designs for the wholesale trade, and does not have direct contact with the young buyers of her clothes, she makes a point of keeping constantly in touch with young people, studying their activities and their interests.

"Young girls demand that a fashion shall please them before they take it up," she said. "They are less likely to adopt a style simply because it is publicised than are older women."

VERA DU CLAIR, designer of collegiate clothes in America.

By
VERA DU CLAIR

A NEW generation is growing up in America. Trying to forget a war which has had devastating effects all over the world, girls are again turning to fashions and music.

1 Not long ago Susie, typical American teen-ager, used to look like her best beau, Joe, when they ate an ice-cream together, but since she grew up she is not following the boys' trend in clothes any more.

She has very definite ideas about everything, and will look for the label of her favorite designer when hunting for clothes, in the same way that she prefers one band to another when picking a record of her favorite tune.

And there are many things she likes for different occasions in her busy life. Growing up in a land of plenty she has been trained to live on a budget as part of her education.

She is both fashion-conscious and practical-minded. She will think of when, where, and what to wear it with, when she makes any purchases.

"Separates," which can live a life of their own or blend in with each other, provide the last word in the vocabulary of Susie's teen-age sister, or her own college colleagues.

2 Riding, bowling, ski-ing, and skating are her favorite sports in autumn and winter. She will go all out for a simple coat, but it has to be white this season. Then she will sling a belt round the waist ever so tightly.

She will love to wear it walking in the country with her sports clothes, as well as on top of an evening dress.

3 The basic dress she will pick this season is black, since she has indulged in bright colors for a long time. But she will hoard wide belts, some richly embroidered, and give this dress a different look each time. This, too, will be achieved with colorful scarves, but she will concentrate on her waist.

She might have a fur belt made to match her hat or bag, or both, all done in black or brown and white calfskin. She will proudly parade these to make some of her tired wardrobe expensively new-looking for this season. But, of course, she will have to consult with the hem of her skirts first, lengthening them at least 2 inches to get that 1946 look.

4 A new suit is on her list. Its jacket tightly fitted and waist length, it must have an unpadded, sloping look round the shoulders and an all-round gathered skirt. Susie likes that hippy look, which will give her waist that tiny appearance she has admired so in the latest fashion magazines.

She will have all sorts of blouses to play up color. Each time she will repeat the shade of a blouse somewhere else in her outfit. She is most conscious of colors, and has learned from her designer to blend them carefully together. She will not allow more than two or three shades at one time.

She might buy a few different skirts and combine those with her jacket. Susie will love those good - looking skating skirts which have just appeared in America, and she will feel like a ballet dancer on the ice. Under the skirts she will wear black jersey tights which are form-fitted stockings and panties in one piece. She will use the same outfit for ski-ing.

5 A rain outfit is important in her life—in water-repellent gabardine, with button-in lining of furcloth. Hood, bag, and boots to match. This will protect her well in all sorts of weather, without the need of an umbrella.

6 And, of course, there will be many evenings, and Susie will be wanting to be "as pretty as a picture." She will borrow ideas from grandma's chest—bouffant dresses in pastel colors, in which she will want to revive the waltz again.

Susie does not like any make-up except lipstick during the day. She will highlight her cheeks and eyes for evening.

Her pretty hair, which she brushes a few times a day, will be dressed up with fresh flowers sometimes.

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Editorial

MARCH 9, 1946

SPECIAL FASHIONS

THIS is our first special fashion issue since 1941. In it we present the brilliant creations of famous couturiers in Paris, London, and New York.

The austerity of the war years has lifted.

Designers, their seamstresses and mannequins back in their salons after years in uniform, have presented in London and Paris the biggest changes in fashion, and the loveliest materials, we have seen for six years.

Britain, of course, is designing these beautiful clothes for export only.

Englishwomen do not see them—or if they do, it is merely to sigh wistfully over them and hope for better times.

"Glamor for butter" is England's watchword, as she builds up foreign exchange.

Fashion is the lifeblood of Paris. France's status among nations of the world rests largely with her artists—among them her great designers.

In spite of hunger, cold, and poverty, France, too, is battling gallantly to build up her export balance, and fashion is her strongest weapon.

America's function in the fashion world is to democratise the "high style." Her designers adapt the elegance of Paris to the practical needs of the working woman and the housewife on a modest income.

Our cover is a fantasy on this fashion year—a year of peace, devastation, and the atom bomb, a year of beauty and change in fashion, when glamor must earn its living for the countries that create it.

It was painted by young Australian artist Loudon Sainthill.

JOAN HAMMOND, famous Australian soprano, has set a hair style for opera singers. The short, close cut is ideal for wearing under wigs.

AS VIOLETTA, in "Traviata." Miss Hammond sang many leading roles as a guest artist in England with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Famous Australian singer plans season here this year

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Joan Hammond, Australian prima donna and Britain's most popular opera singer, is returning home for a concert season this year.

In the ten years since she left Australia she has risen to be one of Britain's highest paid artists. Yet during six of those years she did her share of war work, both as an ENSA artist and driving an ambulance in the East End.

JOAN had to decide between a sporting and a musical career. She was a champion golfer and swimmer and a good tennis player as well as the possessor of a lovely soprano voice.

Now she is longing to revisit her own country. "I haven't had a game of golf since I left Australia," she said, "and only a few swims in a heated indoor pool."

For six years she has been a constant "trouper." Travelling incessantly throughout the length and breadth of Britain as guest artist with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, singing on the concert platform and with ENSA (Entertainments National Service Association) giving troop and factory workers' concerts, she has won a place in the hearts of the British people.

"The English are slow to take you up, but once they do you are well loved, never forgotten," she says.

"Australia will always be my home, but London will be the centre for me."

Bomb damage

JOAN bought herself a lovely old house in Eton Terrace, fashionable street off the square that houses many of Britain's nobility.

"But it isn't much of a house at the moment," Joan said, as she showed me round. Driven from her mews flat by bombs, she moved into the more solid masonry of her Georgian home.

"We hadn't got the furniture in when the first of the buzz-bombs hit the house, and after months of misery and patching the place up we just had it comfortable when one of the last fly-bombs fell close by and blew the windows out," she said.

"My brother Tony, a flight-lieutenant with the Pathfinder force, had to spend most of his leave getting the house done up."

Her house is usually full of interesting people drawn from all walks of life. Her warm nature and spontaneous friendliness have endeared her to a vast circle. Her days and nights spent in the East End earned her the love of the people she "mothered" round about the Whitechapel Road. They are all visitors at her home.

A confirmed theatregoer, her first and second favorite actors, Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier, are close friends.

Joan says she loves pretty clothes, but rarely has time to bother about any for herself.

"But I like my friends to be well dressed," she says. "Anna Neagle is one of my nearest and dearest, and I just love looking at her lovely things. Anna and her husband, Herbert Wilcox, are one of those delightful couples it's a joy to know."

Bobby Helpmann, ballet dancer and choreographer, is an Australian with whom Joan is very friendly.

"We Australians all stick together," she says. "Bobby, Madge and Cyril Ritchard, Dino Borgioli's wife, who was Pat Mort, of Sydney, are all people I see a great deal."

For several years Joan studied under Dino Borgioli, famous opera singer.

While touring with the Carl Rosa company as guest artist in the roles of Tosca, Madame Butterfly, Gilda (in "Rigoletto"), and Violetta (in "Traviata") she found that the most wonderful audiences and musical people were often in the dingiest industrial areas.

"Among the miners and the factory workers I found real people with that true spirit of England that the war years developed" she said.

"I never disappointed these people if I could help it.

"With ENSA I have been all over Germany and in France singing to the troops.

"Once I spent six weeks at Scapa Flow with the Home Fleet and sang on board H.M.S. Duke of York. It was stormy weather and I would go, wrapped in oilskins, from one ship to another in an open boat. Yet I was expected to arrive as though I had stepped out of a band-box."

When war broke out, Joan Hammond decided to sacrifice her career for war work, and volunteered for the W.A.A.F.

Mobilisation, however, was slow, and while the machinery for training recruits was getting into motion Joan returned to opera, left for Italy, and signed up with a touring company started by Toti Dal Monte. She was back in England, fortunately, when Italy entered the war.

Tired of waiting for the W.A.A.F. to absorb her, Joan then joined the W.R.N.S., but Britain's Ministry of Labor decided that keeping the morale of the troops up was just as important as keeping planes or the balloon barrage up.

She wasn't quite satisfied with this arrangement, and joined the Ambulance Service, worked a broken shift to fit in her singing.

Rescued dogs from drowning

JOAN HAMMOND'S excellence as a swimmer enabled her to save her two pet dogs from drowning in the Thames, though she nearly lost her own life.

She was strolling in Battersea Park, when her poodles swam into the river after sticks thrown by some boys.

The black poodle Pitto got into difficulties in the strong current. Fully dressed, Joan dived in. She was struggling back to the bank when Janie, the white poodle, was swept downstream.

The former champion Australian swimmer and her dogs were carried downstream under a bridge on which crowds quickly gathered.

After exhausting efforts she reached the shore, but was unable to secure any hold on the slippery bank.

In her own words she "was completely done in" when she managed to dig her fingers into a crevice and hang on until two men in a boat came to her assistance.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

M. FELIX GOUIN

. . . succeeds de Gaulle

CONNOISSEUR of the highly flavored dishes of his native Midi, M. Felix Gouin, France's newly elected Premier, finds his first task the co-ordination of the nation's food supplies to avert State-wide famine. Country's financial position is also a high priority. Sixty-one-year-old "Smiling Felix," socialist, lawyer, and patriot, was one of the 80 French deputies who in 1940 crisis refused to sign Petain's Constitutional Act abolishing Third Republic. Later was French Underground Movement's representative with General de Gaulle, whom he succeeds as Premier.

CPL. ANNE COWAN

. . . posted to Japan

YOUTHFUL daughter of Major-General D. T. Cowan, O.C. British-Indian Division in Commonwealth Occupation Force for Japan, Anne Cowan has also been posted for duty in Japan. She holds rank of corporal, and will serve with Women's Auxiliary Service (British) attached to her father's command. Served throughout last Burma campaign, in which her father commanded victorious British and Indian troops.

REV. C. K. DAWS

. . . Chaplain-General, A.M.F.

NEWLY appointed Methodist Chaplain-General to Australian Military Forces, Rev. C. K. Daws of Melbourne, served with 9th Division in M.E. and later held administrative Army chaplain posts in Australia and New Guinea. Qualified accountant, public secretary, and auditor, appointed last year to North Melbourne Christian Community Centre, he initiated pre-school welfare work for infants, a business training and placement scheme for boys and girls, a hostel for young people coming to city for education and employment.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724625

Famous designer may open fashion house here

STRIKING PORTRAIT of Miss Etches, who has brought to Australia a collection of fabrics designed by British and French artists.

MATILDA ETCHES with some of the ballet frocks she designed for the British film, "Gaiety George."

Matilda Etches wants to meet a jackeroo, see a sheep station

By WIN MARSHALL, our Perth correspondent

Famous London stage and dress designer Matilda Etches gained her first impressions of Australia sitting on a bus passengers' seat in a street in Perth.

Dressed in bright red slacksuit with lipstick to match, she sat on the seat for two hours, and in that two hours nothing escaped her eye.

MISS ETCHES has brought to Australia a collection of fabrics designed by famous artists and printed in the workrooms of Zika Ascher, in London.

"Yes," she said, "there is plenty of scope here. We bring out our ideas from England, Paris, New York and give them to the Australian women.

"But we do not know nearly enough about you. There is no closer link than just an occasional hurried visit from the seller, or, on the other hand, the Australian buyer will go abroad and choose from a multitude of cosmopolitan models designed, not exclusively for Australians, but for any country that might fancy them.

"I am here in Australia primarily to bring out Zika Ascher's collection, but secondly to have a holiday myself.

"While here I want to meet the ordinary Australian, just the man in the street. I want to see a sheep station, I want to know what a jackeroo is, and I want to find out the real dinkum Aussie.

"After that I must go back to England and think."

By this time Miss Etches was fairly bubbling with excitement. Her eyes were the most striking part of her face, and they glowed.

But they could look sad, too, when she spoke of the widows of Australians who were travelling on the same ship to meet their husbands' relatives.

There is no humbug about Miss Etches. She goes straight to the point.

"I am not a French-Canadian," she said. "I was born in Yorkshire, though I did live in Montreal for a number of years.

"Etches is my name—believe it or not. I was born with that name, and it has nothing to do with fashion-designing.

"My parents gave me that name, but what they did not give me was any training for my work.

"All my life I have cut things out and made them up, and it took me three years to evolve my own system of designing.

"I am sure now that I could teach in six months what it took me three years to learn.

"During the war I had a very thrilling experience.

"My greatest trouble with my film work was to get the staff to make up the frocks.

"Most of my workers were 70 years of age and over. They were Continental refugees—Russians, Czechs, and Poles.

"It meant constant supervision on my part, but a great bond grew up between my workers and myself.

"Every day I had to go up to my workroom and bid them good-day.

"If I was in some other part of London, and could not manage it, Madame Chernikoff would say, 'Ah, Madame does not love us any longer. She did not come to see us to-day.'

"That was my greatest experience—that one could do so well, even better, with unskilled labor.

House in order

"THE co-operation was built up on affection, though I must say I gave my workers a good bonus after each film that they had helped to dress.

"One day when I know what is the individuality of Australia, I hope to start my own fashion house here, and I should hope to have young Australians who love their work enough to become my workers.

"But before that happens I must return to England, do my thinking, and leave my house in order there.

"I have been trying to get to Australia for 18 years, ever since I started to meet those sane, healthy people who are your Australians abroad."

She looked as though she meant this, too.

When a person has a name she does not like she keeps it well in the background.

Not so Miss Etches.

"Matilda is my name, and it shall be used," she said.

And Matilda Etches it was until it was so well known that no one worried anyway.

In the same manner she had unplucked eyebrows, hair that she swept across the back herself with combs, and the glints of silver that were allowed to glint, no make-up except the bright red lipstick to match her slacksuit and give everything a bright, slick finish.

You could imagine this woman carrying on during the blitz and flying-bombs in her top-story Soho workroom, with not a window left towards the end.

"The trouble was that I shifted half of my workroom to Bishop's Stortford, in Herts., thinking it would be safe there," she said.

"Whereas I lost my windows in Soho, but nothing was spoilt, the very reverse happened at Bishop's Stortford.

"The blast from a flying-bomb knocked a dozen bottles of dye from the top of a wardrobe, and down the dye went and seeped through and into all my lovely frocks ready for the next film."

Here she abruptly went off at a tangent.

"Do you see this newspaper report which says that it took me a fortnight to make the frocks for this film?

"I wish they could have seen me months before at the British Museum, reading up the frocking of that period and chasing up privately owned books.

"Before I embark upon a period film I have to absolutely swot for months beforehand.

"I will not have anybody point a finger at me in the matter of period frocking.

"There is a new film just finished, 'Gaiety George,' featuring Ann Todd. I had a marvellous time with that.

"They gave me all the frocking, the ballet, the decor; in fact, everything that needed design of any sort.

"Here, I shall give you a photo. Don't look at me because I am not photogenic, but do look at my lovely frocks.

"They look like grey ghosts, don't you think so? But I must stop talking about my work.

"It really is not work to me because I love it so much, but I do think it is the most important thing in the world to me.

"I do not like sport, but I love cooking, and what is more I can cook, too."

Here Miss Etches went off to sign some forms that should have been signed a fortnight before.

Polish Count and Countess will take up farming here

A Polish Count and Countess who escaped from their country just before the German invasion have arrived in Australia to take up farming. They are Count and Countess Podlewski.

"I HAVE never seen Australia before," said the Countess, "but I want to start a new life here, and prove that all the glowing reports I have heard are true.

"My husband and I will take a farm. I know it will be different from my estate in Poland, but even there I was up at five o'clock in the morning discussing the day's work with my director.

"I am not afraid of work, and am literally ready to put my hand to the plough if necessary."

One could not easily associate the Countess Podlewski's hand with a plough.

It was a very white hand, with beautiful rings and well-manicured nails.

She said her first move in Sydney would be to attend an agricultural college and find out in theory about Australian farming conditions.

"Before I was married I knew every detail of my mother's estate near Posen," she said, "and did two years at an agricultural college.

"We went in mainly for cows, potatoes, and beetroot.

"For dairy products there was a great demand, from potatoes we made pure alcohol for our spirit factory, and from the beet we made pure sugar.

"We fed the animals with the potato and beet peelings and thus nothing was wasted.

"When I was married it was just a case of exchanging one estate for another, and I soon learnt the points of management.

"This will sound as though I was forever tramping round the estate, but, indeed, we entertained a great deal.

"It was just such a night when we were entertaining many friends that my husband and I decided from their talk that it was no longer healthy in Poland.

"It was nine days before the invasion of Poland, although we did not know it at the time. We filled our car with as much as we could and left in the middle of the night, without even telling the servants.

"My three children were with me—Alexandria, then in pigtails, and the two boys—just schoolboys.

"Alexandria is now married to Field-Marshal Lord Milne's nephew and expects to leave India for Scotland soon.

"George is a lieutenant in the Polish Army and has been awarded the Cross of Merit for his work at Cassino. Christopher, aged 17, has just left Bombay for America to take up chemistry.

"I had to leave all my beautiful old furniture, paintings, and china behind," the Countess said. "Everything is gone now.

"The Russians have turned our village and also my mother's property into a communal farming centre.

"My husband has heard that his own mother was taken away by the Russians in a cattle-truck in 1944, and now he knows that she is dead.

"His brother was sent to a camp in Siberia, and nothing more has been heard of him. We were lucky to get away, but it was not easy.

"We crossed from one frontier to another, and always at night time.

"We lived in Greece for a year. Eventually we arrived in India. Another four years were to elapse before we set out for this great new land of yours.

"Already after one day here I have seen much that has astonished me.

"Your girls are so attractive, so well dressed, they carry themselves so well."

Two more people were taking an active interest in this conversation.

One was the Count himself, chairman for a time of the Polish Association of India and now "just an ex-diplomat" he called himself.

The other was the Baroness Hans de N. Theisberg, mother of the Countess, who has shared in all their trials.

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THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

CAUTION and patience should be exercised by everyone this week, even by Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans, for whom the present period is on the whole favorable.

Sunday, March 10, will probably prove the most difficult day, although March 8, 11, and 12 will also require discreet handling.

Geminians, Sagittarians, and Virgoans are particularly advised to concentrate on routine tasks and avoid rashness.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan ahead now. Best days this week March 5 (to 11 p.m.), 6, and 7 March 8 (afternoon), 9, and 10 (to sunrise) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22). Slight benefits possible on March 5 (to 11 p.m.), 6 (sunrise, noon, and evening), and 7 (after 8 a.m.). March 8 (afternoon to dusk) and 9 (early) good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware difficulties and upsets, especially on March 9, 10 (worst), 11, and 12. March 6 also poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Seek desired goals now. March 5, 6, 7 (early), and 11 (late) poor, but March 7 (after midday), 8 (afternoon), and 9 (9 a.m. to dusk) good. March 12 adverse.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): March 5, 6 (except forenoon and afternoon), 9 (evening), and 11 (to 11 a.m.) all fair for minor affairs.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Beware pitfalls, losses and partings now, especially on March 9, 10, and 11. March 8 and 12 (early and late) also difficult.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Avoid rash behaviour. March 5, 6, and 7 (early) very poor. March 9 (late), 10 (to 8 a.m.), and 11 (forenoon) fair. March 12 Adverse.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Advancement possible, but avoid rashness. March 9 (to 11 p.m.) and 6 (except forenoon and mid-afternoon) very helpful. March 10 and 11 (forenoon) fair. March 12 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly now, and avoid worry, especially on March 9, 10, 11, and 12. Worst day March 10.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): March 1 and 2 poor. March 7 (near sunset), 8 (forenoon to dusk), and 9 good. March 12 poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Routine best now. March 5 (to 11 p.m.), 6 (early and late), 9, 10 (to 8 a.m.), and 11 (to midday) fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek important changes and gains now. March 5, 6 (forenoon to dusk), and 9 (to 9 a.m.) fair. March 11 (after 4 p.m.) good. March 12 adverse.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 39 to 40. (39 to 32 expire March 10, 41 to 44 available March 11.)
SUGAR: 19 and 20.
BUTTER: 28 to 30 (till March 10).
MEAT: Black, 64 to 70; red and green, 73 to 79 (till March 10).
CLOTHES: Y1-56, Z51-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, help
BETTY GRAY: Whose uncle has left, hidden all over the world, clues to the numbers of the combination of the vault where his fortune is locked. First to find them all gets the fortune. Betty is racing against her cousins
AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt.
KARL: Augusta's willing follower, and
PETER: Who would prefer all to work together; but Karl and Augusta won't hear of it. In Cheops Pyramid Mandrake and Betty find the first number and clue to the second. But they dare not leave, as the cousins are outside, and Augusta is armed, ready to shoot Mandrake, who thinks of a way to scare them off.
NOW READ ON:

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Continuing . . . Brief Heaven

from page 5

THAT night, Julia asked in a rather careful voice: "Why didn't David come?"

"The cows broke through some fencing," said Claudia.

"Oh! I'm staying at home this evening," she offered. "Shall I run over your cues with you?"

Claudia had a fleeting sense that Julia was going out of her way to be nice in tacit sympathy for David's lack of interest. She shook her head mutely, afraid to talk above the lump that choked her throat. Julia bent to kiss her.

"Cheer up," she said softly, "and try to get a good night's sleep!"

Claudia lay awake until midnight, hoping against hope that he would telephone again. He didn't ring in the morning, either. She tried to reach him, but the lines were busy. If she waited much longer she would be late for rehearsal, but she didn't care if she was. It was more important to talk to David.

"Which shows," she told herself grimly, "that Mr. Goldheart is right. I'm not really an actress after all."

When she finally got through, it was Bertha who answered. She seemed a little panicky. She didn't even give Claudia a chance to ask her how the children were.

"Wait, wait!" she cried. "I call Mr. David, quick!"

With the first sound of his voice Claudia knew that they had not regained that quality of intimacy which was so completely satisfying, even when they were separated. He made no pretence of coming to town.

"Look, darling," he said frankly, "let's be sensible. You've got less than a week more of rehearsal, so suppose I wait and join the train you take to Manchester. Let Hartley's secretary write for accommodation at whatever hotel is nearest the theatre."

"The stage-manager will make the reservations," said Claudia.

As she spoke she schooled herself for the probability that, according to the pattern of his behaviour to date, he would very likely find some excuse at the last minute not to go. She tried to be fair to him, however. She must remember that he'd been wounded in the war, and it wasn't easy for him to lead a life of comparative inactivity while his wife earned as much money as he had earned while he was a successful, functioning architect with luxurious offices.

Still, for all her rationalisation, she experienced a sick feeling in the pit of her stomach when he telephoned on the very morning that the cast left for Manchester that he could not manage to catch the same train, but would be at the theatre for the opening.

"Don't put yourself out," she replied coldly, and hung up, smarting from his incredible insensitivity. She might as well face the fact, once and for all, that he was just a plain man with a lot of self-centredness that she would have to cater to all her life.

As the train pulled up at the Eastbrook station she rushed to the window, certain that he would at least have the children to wave hullo. But no. Not a sign of them.

"Isn't this where you have your farm?" Jim asked at her elbow.

"Yes," said Claudia.

"Homesick?"

"Pretty."

"Your husband getting on?"

"No, he'll be up this evening."

Annabel passed them.

"Is your wife on the train, Jim?" she asked sweetly. "I haven't seen her."

"I didn't know you were married," Claudia remarked in surprise. "You don't look married, somehow."

"I don't feel married," said Jim.

"Neither do I," said Claudia, with a little sigh.

She was still feeling forlorn when they reached Manchester and she was eventually shown to her hotel room.

Tears of anger blinded her as she opened her suitcase and lifted out the old pink dress that Bertha had posted to her in London. She thrust the crumpled mass of chiffon on a hanger and slapped it up on the rod in the wardrobe.

A knock sounded suddenly on the door. "Come in!" she called. The knock sounded again. "Come in!" she shouted raucously, only to remember that the door was locked from the inside.

She stamped across the room and knocked her shinbone against a chair. She kicked the chair and punched the wall with her fist, and let loose all the bad words she had learned from David and the theatre combined, and flung open the door to a startled bell-boy, who thrust a square box into her hand and scurried off, without waiting for a tip. She opened the box. It was a corsage of orchids. The card said "Jim."

Claudia didn't like orchids—David always said she was certainly off the beaten track of women — but they would go well with the sash on her gown. She put them on the sill outside the window to keep fresh, and then picked up the card and held it in her hand for a long moment, staring at the way Jim wrote his name. The letters were long and unwavering and angular, like Jim himself. It was very sweet of him to send her flowers. It was like a gentle hand laid on the ache in her heart.

SHE tore up the card in small pieces and threw it in the wastepaper-basket. She must forget that she was lonely. A lonely wife was a dangerous thing to be.

Time hung heavily on her hands. There was no sense in going to the theatre, for the props were being assembled, and the wardrobe woman was unpacking and pressing the costumes. Jim had told the cast not to report for a run-through until five o'clock. It was only two o'clock now.

She had a bath, put on her nightgown, and lay down on the bed near the window.

As she had done repeatedly before, she wished she were the sort of person who could sleep in the daytime. It would keep her from thinking about to-night. She wished she had someone to talk to; she wished Julia were staying at the hotel. She had grown very fond of Julia in these past weeks. She wondered what Matthew and Bobby were doing now.

It was a bleak day. She hoped Bertha wasn't letting Matthew go outdoors. Matthew was susceptible to colds; he was of an age when he got into mischief, too! There he was, driving the tractor with Edward —he was always on the tractor with Edward—only Edward wasn't there; Matthew was driving the tractor alone. The savage machine was heading toward a ledge, and Matthew's hands were tiny and ineffectual on the giant wheel.

Claudia screamed and ran to save him. Her legs were heavy—she couldn't move them. There was a loud pounding in her ears.

She opened her eyes. She must have fallen asleep. What a hideous dream! The calves of her legs were watery with the panic of it, and the pounding was still going on. She got to her feet unsteadily. Someone was knocking at the sitting-room door. She hurried to open it, suddenly conscious as she turned the knob that she was in her nightgown. She opened it cautiously, only a crack, so that only her head was visible.

There was no one there. Whoever it was must have got tired of knocking and gone away. She started to close the door again, but suddenly it swung wide open, and the next thing she knew she was being lifted off the floor, with her breath literally choked out of her.

"Put me down!" she gasped. "I can't breathe!"

"You're not supposed to breathe," said David. He put her down on the sofa, and they both talked so much the next half-hour seemed like five minutes.

"Tell me I'm crazy," Claudia said at length.

"You're crazy," David obediently agreed.

She took a few distracted steps and wheeled to face him.

"You mean I imagined everything."

"You certainly did," said David. "You're as temperamental as a star."

"But you never came down to London after the first time," she argued desperately.

He looked patient to the point of suffering.

"I told you, I didn't want to get in your way. I knew you'd be head-over-heels in rehearsal. I would have been in your way, now, wouldn't I?"

"Somewhat," she conceded.

"There you are," he said.

She eyed him distrustfully.

"You're sure you don't mind my being an actress?"

"I always wanted to run round with an actress," he said.

"Suppose I want to pay Bertha's wages?"

"Splendid! I was hoping you'd have the decency to offer."

"And suppose," she pursued relentlessly, "that the play runs a whole year. What then?"

"You could come home at week-ends during the summer," he replied glibly, "and in the winter we could all live in London."

Her cheeks exploded in frustration.

"It isn't normal for any one man to be so noble," she affirmed. "I still think there's something funny about the whole thing."

"For instance?" he said blandly.

"For one thing, you look as if you haven't slept for a week."

"I haven't," he admitted. "I missed you, what do you think."

He caught her hand. She was full of conflict as she thought of the opening only a few hours away.

"I oughtn't to be happy," she demurred. "I should be nervous."

"Always be happy first, and nervous afterwards," David said.

He walked over to the theatre with her at five o'clock. It was exciting to see her name on the bill-boards. True, it was at the bottom of a long list, and the letters weren't very large, but there it was—"Claudia Brown."

They lingered to watch a line of two people at the box-office buying tickets, but it turned out that one of them had come to give his ticket back.

"What a nerve!" said Claudia.

The stage door was hidden away, as stage doors have a habit of hiding, but the property-man happened to come along, and led them down an alley to the entrance.

"The stage isn't quite ready yet," he said.

His words were a masterpiece of under-statement. From the welter of equipment in the wings, they could see some trees on the stage, and a fireplace and a window and a great many men running to and fro and a carpet being unrolled, and a lot of hammering and turning on and off of lights.

"More amber!" Jim kept shouting from somewhere in the back of the theatre.

"Who's the man sitting on the piece of terrace biting his nails?" asked David.

"You know perfectly well who that is," said Claudia.

"I swear I don't," he insisted.

"You do. It's Jerry Seymour, of course."

David's eyebrow climbed his forehead.

"I wouldn't have recognised him. He's certainly aged," he remarked.

"So would you have, if you had your title changed and everything else."

It was little short of a miracle that the curtain was only twenty minutes late in going up that night. There was no time for rehearsal, but the cast, in full make-up and costume, gathered on the set to get to know the props and the furniture.

"This sofa's too low," Annabel fumed.

Claudia stood behind a chair which had previously existed only in her imagination and began to mumble her lines. A few words came and that was all. It reminded her of the time the well went dry. Her brain felt like that now. It was dry and empty, except for panic. Her knees buckled, and she sank down on the arm of the chair and closed her eyes. The understudy would have to go on in her place.

From the other side of the curtain a low rumble, like the sound of hungry lions, seeped through the heavy velvet.

"It's a big house," Clifton reported, peeping through a hole.

Mr. Goldheart appeared on the stage. He told Annabel she looked beautiful, not a day over forty, which was a compliment only because it was supposed to be a joke. He came up to Claudia and said: "Remember everything I taught you?" She wondered if she ought to tell him that she had forgotten even her lines, but it didn't seem to be necessary. He gave her one look and turned to beckon Jim.

HE said, without bothering to lower his voice: "Better get your understudy in case she falls on her face."

Claudia knew quite definitely at this point that, although Mr. Goldheart had a great deal of charm when he cared to exert it, she did not like him in the least. One minute he was a nice old man with an engaging buffoonery, and the next minute he was ruthless and cruel. But she was beholden to him, nevertheless, for saying that she might fall on her face, for he had unwittingly made her angry enough to forget that she was frightened. He had also made her the target for pity and doubt.

Jim tried to head her off as she rose to her feet and went off towards her dressing-room.

"Look, little one," he said in a low voice. "Keep your chin up. You'll be all right."

"It's up," said Claudia.

She shared a dressing-room with Gloria van Tassel, who was Bridget, the maid, in the play. Gloria was adjusting her organdie cap.

"Hullo, child!" she said, regarding Claudia through the mirror. "What's up with you?"

"Nothing," Claudia gulped.

Gloria turned and swept Claudia into her arms.

"You poor little fish," she crooned, "you've got butterflies in your tummy! When you've been in this business as long as me, you won't even blink an eyelash on opening nights."

Claudia envied Gloria her robust spirit, her iron nerves. Gloria was the sort of person who made one believe that actors were the best people in the world. Gloria was the sort of person she'd want to have for a friend as long as she lived.

There was a passing knock on the door, and a voice called, "Curtain!"

"Well," said Gloria, "here we go. This is it."

To be concluded

Latest fashion decrees

Continued from page 17

FOR day dresses she gathered drapery round the hips, and in a new printed nylon model lifted the tiered skirt backward into a bustle.

Angele Delanghe achieved a slim line, using clever drapings across the hips and in front. All her coats had peplum backs.

Some of Worth's evening gowns featured bustles.

Peter Russell's full-skirted stiff silk evening frocks swished out from pinched waists, to measure at least twenty yards round the hems.

Molyneux, who dropped the waistline half an inch lower than any other designer, had sunray pleats from hip yokes. His tailleurs all had narrow belts just above the hips.

Stiebel reintroduced the cowl neckline with the draped armhole. The midriff was accented by Hartnell in draped afternoon and evening frocks.

In full-skirted evening frocks he preserved a slim line by dividing the skirt either in front or at the back, so that it floated sideways, showing a pencil silhouette.

All the London designers used flowers and feathers in amusing ways. Hartnell had coq feathers running sideways in a band on a hooped evening frock, with the matching coat trimmed with a deep yoke of coq feathers.

These are some of the outstanding frocks I noted in the London and Paris collections.

Red crepe dinner-frock (from Jacmar) with kimono sleeves and Victorian cross-stitch wool embroidery on a wide midriff band. The bodice bloused at the back, and the neck finished with a neat Peter Pan collar.

White satin evening gown slashed down the front to reveal a cerise panel, worn with a coat of stiff white lace spangled with cerise sequins.

Afternoon gown in Mexican design of green and blue silk. Enormous puffed sleeves were trimmed with rows of stiff frills, the midriff lavishly jewelled in blue and green rhinestones. Emerald-green wool redingote fastened with multi-coloured rhinestone buttons went with it, with an outsize in Mexican hats.

FOR YOUR FASHION NOTEBOOK

- **Peter Russell's apron skirts for afternoon frocks and tweed skirts.**
- **Molyneux' new material, banana cloth. It looks like banana skin without speckles.**
- **Aage Thaarup's bustle hat to go with bustle skirts.**
- **Maggy Rouff's spoke-stitching on even sophisticated frocks, and saddle-stitching on heavy coats.**
- **Schiaparelli's gesture to America—a material splashed all over with phrases of American slang.**
- **Coin spots for day frocks, used a lot in Paris.**
- **Small taffeta shawls worn high on the shoulders with some of the backless evening frocks in the London collections.**

Dramatic Hartnell evening gown —white heavy moss crepe with midriff bands of yellow, orange, and burnt gold, paillette encrusted, hips swathed in folds. Covering it, white floor-length cloak lined with shaded crepe to match the midriff.

"College Days," a grey check suit. The knife-pleated skirt had a half-inch white band at the hem, and the waistcoat jacket sported wide white revers and collar.

Angele Delanghe's tailored silk frock and jacket printed in "Berkeley Square" design, with Mayfairites in evening dress in the pattern.

Degas frock by Madeleine de Auche, in white pique smothered in eyelet embroidery, a low square neckline caught at each side with bunches of marguerites tied with black velvet.

Maggy Rouff's hooped plain white linen evening frock interlaced with bright green cord round the hips.

"Lady Hamilton" full-skirted black net dinner dress with wide frill of net mounted on stiff white lace running sideways round the skirt. It caused rounds of applause at Maggy Rouff's showing—a champagne party lasting until midnight.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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MOD
FAM

● From th
London, an
amples of
and evening
creators. T
in Paris by

● *DORVILLE (London) dress of woven yellow flannel with wing sleeves, double inverted pleat in front of the skirt, and patch pockets on bodice.*

● *Half-belted coat from SETON COTTERILL (London) in bold, diagonal weave of gold and beech-red, worn with bowler-type felt hat.*

● *HEIM'S (Paris) green crepe afternoon dress — softly draped across the shoulders, with draping moulding the bodice and a low V-neckline, the draping repeated in front fullness in the skirt.*

● *Wide sleeves, fitted midriff band and plunging neckline in SONHEIM'S (New York) dinner frock of satin-striped poplin in navy and white.*

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LS . . . . . from US DESIGNERS

he leading fashion houses of Paris, nd New York come these striking ex- the made — top coats, suits, day g frocks all bear the labels of great The French models were photographed y our own cameraman, Alex Stuart.

• Coffee-brown satin dinner dress—cap sleeved, side draped, by ANNA MILLER (New York). LILY DACHE fewelled beige turban, black satin gloves and shoes.

• Still dull satin in a three-tiered bouffant evening frock is finished by BRUYERE (Paris) with platinum-colored silk cord that slips through the top of the bodice and ties round the neck.

• MARCELLE ALIX (Paris) uses unstitched pleats for hip fullness in the long jacket of her grey flannel suit striped with smudged white (right).

• MATITA (London) brightens a navy blanket-cloth coat with shoulder yoke and front panel of red, white, and blue tweed. Wide buttoned cuffs are warm —and original.

• DORVILLE (London) suit in pale blue flannel. Big gathered pockets emphasise the hips.

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WORTH Reporting

AMERICAN women who make plane reservations for Cairo, Rome, or any other points east or west will receive together with their plane ticket the latest fashion tips on what to wear abroad.

Our New York office cables us to say that one American airline company is commencing that service for women who are now getting their first chance to travel since the war.

The new service began as a "department of charm and careful grooming" for the company's own 3000 women employees. Twenty-six air hostesses were the first to take the course.

Head of the department is former Powers model and fashion expert, Mrs. Patricia Leet Hungerland.

She says that women are always puzzled as to what to take when they are travelling by plane.

"We will provide wardrobe suggestions," she said. "Suppose a Kansas City wife was going with her husband on a business trip to Cairo.

"She can take only 55 pounds of luggage on the plane, so every outfit must be appropriate.

"Assume the trip was in January—the social season in Cairo. I would suggest two or three light crepes for social afternoons and a fur jacket that can serve as a warm wrap for stops in New York and Paris and as an evening wrap in Cairo.

"She should take some comfortable shoes. If our American housewife has never walked on some of those cobblestone streets she doesn't know how miserable she can be in a pair of pumps.

"And she'd better not take along a lot of washable blouses or plan on plugging in travelling iron to get rid of wrinkles."

The all-important suit, preferably a mixed color not to show dirt or wrinkles, gets top priority on any lady's travelling list.

And as a final suggestion in her rough sketch of travel clothes, Mrs. Hungerland advises not to board the plane with a full 55 pound quota.

"Leave a few pounds to bring back knick-knacks from Egypt," she said.

What, no salad dressing?

THERE is at least one soldier in Sydney who takes the talk about open-air meals seriously. Either that or he was just plain hungry and couldn't wait till he got to a cafe.

We're talking about the soldier wearing jungle-greens who sat peacefully on the pavement opposite Circular Quay one evening last week, unflurried by the passing crowd of sailors and ferry-bound citizens.

Beside him was a newspaper on which was spread:

(a) Several sliced white onions.
(b) A lettuce broken up into leaves.
(c) Three large tomatoes.
(d) A large portion of sausage.
(e) Two buttered rolls.
(f) A bottle of beer.

We were tempted to ask how he came by the latter.

One-man newspaper

"THE Cobargo Chronicle," a four-page newspaper published weekly in Cobargo, N.S.W., is a one-man job.

Proprietor is Mr. A. S. Wallace, who is also leader-writer, reporter, sub-editor, proof-reader, compositor, and printer.

War took his staff of four men away early in the piece and since then he has just brought out the paper by himself.

The type for the paper is hand-set and Mr. Wallace told one of our representatives that he hasn't time to write his copy first so he writes and sets all at the same time.

"Of course," he said, "This doesn't apply to my humorous column, 'They Say.' I always write that. You can't be funny and mechanical at the same time."

Fortunately for Mr. Wallace, his son Bernard, now 16, is learning printing, so that will be one job less for this energetic newspaper proprietor.

EGGS-IT FRANKIE!

English newspaper headlines such as "Housewives say: 'We want eggs, not Sinatra,'" have caused the swooner-crooner to cancel his proposed visit to Britain.

WE do not clamor
For Hollywood glamor
(The British housewives cry),
A crooner might
Be quite all right,
But he ain't no good to fry.

This crooning may,
In a swooning way,
Suit well-fed U.S. folk,
But we never collapse
Unless, perhaps,
It is at the sight of a yolk.

—LARRY BOYS.

The intellectual approach

AN attractive young woman has related to us an unusual encounter she had with a perfect stranger.

This young woman is addicted to sailing and at the time was carrying under her arm a copy of a handsome American magazine on yachting.

She was waiting for a tram at the corner of King Street, Sydney, when a thirty-ish man walked up to her and said:

"I'm a publisher and I couldn't help noticing the magazine you're carrying. May I look at it?"

Our friend politely handed it to him and their conversation developed into her explaining yachting technicalities to him.

Finally, he said, "Are you busy to-night?"

When she replied "Yes," he sighed.

"Yes, I was afraid you would be. You are obviously the intelligent type."

Raising his hat he strode off into the darkness.

* * *

AN advertisement in the "approaching marriages" column of an Adelaide paper informed the relatives of an engaged couple that their wedding had ben postponed owing to service duties. "Also kitchen tea on Friday," it added.

Wanted—a place to live

THE accommodation situation is so acute in Sydney that of the 2500 ex-servicemen enrolled for courses at the University, 400 will be unable to begin studies in the new term on March 18 unless they can find a place to live.

The Housing Officer for the University, Rev. A. Watt, said that of this number 200 were married.

"Students can't study if they are haunted by the fear of having nowhere to live," he said.

"There are innumerable instances of ex-servicemen students failing in one examination after another," said Mr. Watt.

"For single servicemen and servicewomen students the accommodation problem is a tough one."

Single students who would normally fit into hostels, living-in colleges, boarding-houses, residentials, or friends' homes are faced with:—

(a) Hostels and colleges already crowded to capacity.

(b) Boarding-houses and residentials with no vacancies or with fees beyond the student's purse.

(c) Friends' homes already filled with friends or family.

"For married students, with one or more children, who must find larger accommodation than one room, the position is worse," said Mr. Watt.

"Even if students have a roof over their head there is usually no place for them to study at night."

He told us of one ex-servicewoman who has to take her books to the Public Library every night.

University students in Melbourne are tackling the problem by forming co-operative hostels.

The Students' Representative Council acquired several houses at the end of last year. The money was raised by an appeal to friends and graduates.

The students share the rooms and the household chores.

FREE SPEECH SECTION: "I suppose the hordes of murderous, stinking, head-lamp blinding, gutter-crawling, dangerous motorists and motor-cyclists which again infest our roads are just another manifestation of that normality to which the Tory Party are so anxious to return. I am not impressed."

Letter in England's "Picture Post."

Letter from Greece

A MEDICAL officer engaged in relief work in Greece has written to the women of the Melbourne University Patriotic Fund who have sent clothes abroad for the past six years.

He tells of the pathetic joy of the children when they are given food and clothes.

"One little boy's eager, tear-wet face turned to rapture when he received a multi-colored sweater," he said.

"He gathered it under his torn jacket and ran off, bounding over the puddles with no less agility than the kangaroo emblazoned on the neck of the garment.

"There are never enough clothes to go round, so a rule was made that only one child in each family should receive a garment.

"One mite who was not eligible for a garment waited so persistently that the rule had to be broken, and he was rewarded with a strange sort of sleeping garment trimmed with frills!"

* * *

LONDON'S current crack at modernist, artist Picasso, is a dish named, "Rabbit en Picassarole."

Hardly sportin'

A GLOOMY message from our London office tells us that a serious situation has arisen in Sussex, where the hunting fraternity are having trouble with the farmers.

Apparently the farmers, realistic land men, have formed themselves into armed bands to combat the foxes, who are killing off their chickens and raiding the egg-boxes.

The huntsmen had to give up their sport during wartime, and now it looks as though peace isn't going to be what they thought.

Farmers say the foxes are a dreadful pest, and they intend to shoot them even if the hunting men say "it just isn't cricket, old man."

* * *

THE French swimsuits which caused such a sensation in Sydney did not even raise an eyebrow in America, according to a picture in the Chicago "Sunday Tribune."

It reproduces a picture from a Sydney newspaper showing two Sydney girls taken on the beach at Coogee in the first of the brief costumes worn to the surf.

The caption merely says, "Australian bathers on the beach at Sydney."

Animal Antics

"Pop is sure getting old. He has to use a stick to help him jump!"

"Sir, the following subscribers want their papers delivered direct to the wastepaper salvage depot."

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Glamor in disguise—by "face spacing"

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

"Face spacing" is the latest means of making mediocre countenances glamorous.

This art is practised at its highest level by Eddie Senz, who conducts a glamorising studio in Fifty-second Street, New York.

IT is said that girls walk in the doors of the studio looking like dejected Swedish housemaids after a hard day's work, but emerge raving beauties.

That may be a little on the top side, but Eddie has certainly got something real.

Many women visit him before sitting for photographs, thus making the cameras lie bigger than ever.

So successful has he been with face shaping—and spacing—that he is called in to design and execute unusual make-ups for Metropolitan Opera stars.

Face spacing could be called face saving, for that's exactly what it does. Hair, eyebrows, mouth are the fundamentals on which Eddie works, in order to "respace" the face more attractively and give a more glamorous optical illusion than is possible with mere make-up.

For example, he can make a large nose appear smaller by plucking and pulling eyebrows back instead of letting them point like thick dark arrows to an unhappy feature.

He gives the mouth a horizontal line with lipstick instead of letting it curve up.

* * *

COLUMNIST Earl Wilson, in New York Post, says he knows a prominent lady who has had her face lifted so many times that she now talks through her eyes.

* * *

THERE'S no place like home—for accidents.

More dangers are hidden there than anywhere else, states a New York paper.

Statistics show that the bedroom, where we usually feel safest, is the most hazardous room in the house.

According to figures compiled by the National Safety Council, one person is killed every sixteen and a half minutes in homes in America.

One is injured every six and a half minutes—more often than in any other classification.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports about one-fourth of these accidents happen in the bedroom.

The chief reason seems to be that calamity usually overcomes a sleeping person before he becomes aware of danger, as in the case of escaping gas and outbreaks of fire.

Another cause of mishaps, particularly in recent years, is careless use of sleeping-pills.

One pitiful bedroom peril is shown in the number of deaths of small children, smothered by bedclothes.

It would seem at first glance that most household accidents happen in the daytime, when people are busy about the house, but the opposite is true.

The majority of them happen between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.

All this doesn't mean you should stay out nights. Just use your head before laying it down on the pillow.

* * *

HATS exhibited in the latest stage "Goofy Hat" competition, conducted by a radio station and theatre, are "Funny, freakish, silly, sentimental, wacky, weird, and wonderful," states a New York paper.

The latest batch features a garden with a real, tiny, trickling waterfall, a silo overlooking a barnyard in which are a farm woman, churn, and a package of butter.

The butter is not real, of course. If it were, the hat would be snatched from the head of the wearer.

Another creation has a stork poised with a baby slung in its bill ready to drop, new-born, down a red brick chimney. There are no limits.

"New Year" is the title of a tinsel-top hat, strewn with beer bottles, cocktail glasses, peppermint sticks, and pink elephants.

* * *

NEW YORK Police Department has assigned a policeman to special anti-autograph duty.

He follows up film stars and other celebrities, keeping back bobbysoxers and schoolboys who press impudently for signatures.

He began the job with enthusiasm, attacking autograph hunters in the rear with a club.

But one 14-year-old bobbysoxer filed a suit for damages alleging physical and mental injury, as the result of a "reprimand below the rear waistline."

Now he uses more voice than club.

One favorite retaliation by bobbysoxers is to write on the back of his coat with lipstick, threatening the serenity of his home life.

* * *

LOSS of legs through the war is not always a handicap. It can be an asset when you desire an intrigue with a tall blonde.

Charles McGonegal, American Legion Field Secretary, tells how one American war amputee met a blonde nearly six feet tall.

He got a special set of legs to make himself taller, and won the love suit.

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TOAST FOR HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. John Bowen, ex-R.A.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Audrey Hosking, with bridesmaid Miss J. Howard and best man Mr. Colin Begg, at reception at Forum Club after marriage at St. Mark's.

GOOD-BYES from friend Kath Kearins (left) to Mrs. Robert Wolfe, who leaves by train for Brisbane to join bride ship for America. She will join her husband in Port Jervis, New York. She was formerly Denise Ryan, of Kingsford.

DAY IN SYDNEY for Col. and Mrs. Charles Kappe. Col. Kappe is on his way to Japan to rejoin General Northcott's staff at headquarters of British Commonwealth Occupation Forces.

Intimate Gossipings

DROP in at Australia Hotel to find a grand and cheery reunion. Seven (the number's lucky) people, all of whom have met at various times during the past few years in Washington and New York, are together again. Naturally, there is plenty of reminiscing about the good old days.

There are Gwen Brace, former secretary of Anzac Club in New York attractive Kay Fawkes, former Movements Officer at Australian Legation, Washington, D.C.; John Foorde, from Perth (he's in the merchant marine); three ex-R.A.A.F. officers, Graham Young, from Brisbane; Donald Donaldson, of Coogee; Graham Ferriday, a Brisbane lad also, and Dr. Norman Rose, former P.O.W., now superintendent at Sydney Hospital.

FRENCH PEASANT costume worn by Jacqueline Mylles at exhibition at David Jones of original paintings. Andree Pelletier buys a programme. Proceeds from exhibition to assist French artists whom war has left destitute.

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PRETTY, fair-haired Patricia Condon, daughter of the T. J. Condons, of Mosman, wears white lace gown with taffeta underskirt for her marriage to Phillip Squires. Ceremony takes place at St. Stephen's, and is followed by reception at Carlton. Bridesmaids Marjorie Trickett and Leonore Carter wear blue marquisette frocks, and flower-girl Carol Kiss is in pink. Jim McFadden is best man, and David Rees groomsman. Bridegroom, who has been on active service with R.A.A.F., will return to his studies in Veterinary Science at Sydney University. After honeymoon at Jervis Bay young couple will settle into flat at Cronulla.

• • •

WARRANT-OFFICER and MRS. KEITH MARTIN, who were recently married, are making their home in Sydney for the moment, as W/O. Martin is an instructor at an artillery school. Mrs. Martin was formerly Dorothy Saville, of Mosman, and her husband hails from Adelaide.

NAVAL WEDDING. Commander George Mills, R.N.V.R. (S.), and his pretty bride, formerly Margaret Butterworth, leave St. Anne's, Strathfield. Bride will make her home shortly in Hongkong, where Commander Mills is on duty. Best man, Captain Burns, and bridesmaid, Beryl Butterworth.

BRIDE AND GROOM. Lieut. John Brindley and his bride, formerly Lilybell Davies, at the reception at the Pickwick Club, which follows their marriage at St. Mark's. Lieut. Brindley was P.O.W. with 8th Division.

SYDNEY girl home again is Mrs. James Ramsay, who before her marriage in England last year was Janet Burley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burley. Janet's husband, Lieut.-Commander James Ramsay, R.A.N., is in H.M.A.S. Australia, which recently returned to its home port. They met when the Australia was in England last year. On her way back to Sydney Janet flew down to Hobart to meet her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ramsay. Also spent a week-end in Adelaide with one of her sisters, Mrs. Romilly Harry. Their other sister, Mrs. Mack Ames, who was also recently married, is still in England. She will eventually make her home in Los Angeles.

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NO house-hunting for Mr. and Mrs. Mick Alcock. They've found a house at Quirindi, where Mick will practise as a dentist. Before their recent marriage Mrs. Alcock was Helen Thomson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. B. Thomson, of Killara. Helen's had a busy time during war, as she had a very hush-hush job at the National Standards laboratory and has also been president of Kuring-gai younger set for C.W.A.

• • •

DISHES served in Continental style at dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. Norman Davis give at their flat at Hampton Court. Guests are old friends from Armidale on visit to town. They include Mr. Ken Jones, Deputy-Mayor of Armidale; Mr. and Mrs. G. Bishop, Messrs. N. Graham, Reg Sellars, Ernie Jewell, Finch, Les Burgess. Also present are Mr. H. Fenton and Dr. Helen I. Wilkie, who recently retired as principal of Pymble Ladies' College, and who will shortly leave for Scotland.

OVERSEAS VISITORS. Lord and Lady Knollys (right) and Lord Knollys' secretary, Miss Esther Conduit, enjoy afternoon at the Rose Bay flying base on their arrival by flying boat Hythe from England.

REUNION for Mr. and Mrs. Brooke McVilly, who have been separated during the war years. Brooke has been a prisoner of war in Malaya and his wife, who escaped from there in one of the last ships to leave, has been in various parts of the globe. After leaving Singapore she went to India and South Africa and then to Cairo, where she was with the British Embassy. She later worked in southern Italy in American headquarters, and then joined the Yugoslavia section of UNRRA.

A years ago she returned to England to get a ship to Australia, where her husband was waiting for her. At the moment they are staying with Mrs. McVilly's mother, Mrs. E. Lees, at her home in Manly.

• • •

PRETTY Annette Evans and Alan Atwill, who are just engaged, celebrate the important occasion by lunching at Prince's with Annette's brother Sidney. Announcement is further celebrated at night at party which Alan's mother, Mrs. M. S. Atwill, gives at her apartment at the Astor, Macquarie Street.

MRS. GORDON CHAMPION comes up from Bowral for a few days to superintend the interior decorating in the house she and her husband have taken in Victoria Road. Tells me that Gordon is already ensconced in the house, and is living a semi-camping sort of existence in the one room already furnished.

• • •

SOLITAIRE diamond ring worn by Joan Hawthorne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Hawthorne, of Hurlstone Park, when she announces engagement to Corporal Keith Cousins, R.A.A.F., of Killara.

• • •

DO admire (and so does everyone) Mrs. Bill Adams' balletomane frock. It's of soft, silky material patterned with sketches of famous ballet dancers. She wears it one day last week while paying brief visit to town from Palm Beach, where she and Bill and small daughter Caroline have taken Mrs. Max Hinder's house for the season.

Joyce

LUNCHEON FOR TWO. Mrs. Hector Livingstone lunches at Prince's with Group-Captain J. Pelly-Fry, R.A.F., formerly Equerry to the King.

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Flight From Teheran

Continued from page 7

PRINCE KERBELA reached out for a box of cigarettes, offered me one, and took one himself. He came from behind the lamp with a match held in those sinewy fingers. As he put the light to my cigarette and looked into my face, he smiled.

"I think you are perspiring a little, my friend."

"Yes, I find it uncomfortably warm in this room," I said.

"But it has to be," he nodded. "A certain temperature is necessary here so that my pets can live and enjoy themselves."

"Your pets?"

Again that laugh.

"I had forgotten. This is your first visit, and you don't understand." He held up a finger, enjoining silence. "Do you hear anything?"

I listened, a little startled.

It was then that I heard a peculiar slurring sound. It was as though some strange beast was crawling on its belly along the corridor outside. It seemed to approach nearer. He must have seen my face go pale, for he chuckled and strolled toward the wall. He pressed upon one of the shining wood panels, so that it slid along grooves. A glass tank, lit with greenish light like an aquarium, was revealed. Something heavy was pressing against the glass and making that slurring sound.

"Behold my pets!"

It was an aquarium of snakes. I stared, fascinated, at the horrors.

"What do you think of them?" he asked.

I looked into his face.

"A strange hobby for a man," I said.

"But why not?" he smiled. "These cobras also serve a useful purpose." He looked down affectionately at one which was inflating its hood. "The poison is taken from their fangs, diluted, and injected into me at intervals. I suffer from a nervous affliction, and modern medicine has discovered in snake poison a successful antidote against the disease. Oh, you need not feel sorry for me," he went on. "It was a holy disease that seized upon Mohammed. Some of our greatest thinkers have suffered from it. I can tell you that in the moments before an attack begins, we experience an exaltation such as mundane man can never know."

"I think you are the most extraordinary man I've ever met," I said slowly.

He laughed delightedly, seeming highly pleased. Vanity flushed his face as though I had congratulated an actor in his dressing-room on a superb performance.

One of the servants entered. A whispered conversation began. I scanned the bookshelves. But even as I noted the titles, a sudden outburst from the Prince caused me to swing round. He had changed into an excited, trembling figure.

"I shall kill the man," he shouted in French. "He must die for this insult. A guest in my house, too!"

"What has happened?" I asked.

"The worst!" he almost screamed. "My daughter has gone, fled!"

"But I saw her dancing half an hour ago."

"Yes, cunning little devil!" He staggered towards the blood-red carpet, beating a hand against his head. "I must think, quickly. Something must be done at once. They've taken the road in a car toward Isfahan."

"They?"

"Yes, that smug-faced American youth is with her. He's persuaded her to run away with him and get married. I shall kill Captain Robert Browne."

"He happens to be a friend of mine," I interposed. "I can assure you, Prince Kerbela, that he is a very serious young man, of good family, and will probably make an excellent son-in-law."

The Prince stared at me.

"You talk rubbish!" he said bluntly. He turned to the servant and spoke in Persian. "My compliments to Mr. Bentley, and ask him to come here immediately. Yes, and tell Assad he is wanted."

The Prince ignored me in the following silence. He paced up and down the room, his hands clenching and unclenching. Then Bentley appeared, mildly surprised, followed by the podgy Assad, who was stuffing notes into pockets of his tight-fitting suit.

"Mr. Bentley," began the Prince abruptly, "I understand your car is provided with a special diplomatic pass which enables it to go outside Teheran during the present conference."

"That is so," nodded Bentley.

"As a Persian, alas, I am not permitted that privilege for the moment," said the Prince. "Yet it is imperative that I go on the road at once. My daughter has been kidnapped by a scoundrelly guest at this party. I intend to follow the couple and rescue my daughter. Will you lend me your car?"

BENTLEY raised his eyebrows. I hurriedly explained to him the gist of what I had heard. The Prince waited, restless and impatient.

"Well?" he demanded.

"It's an unusual situation, Prince Kerbela." Bentley said diplomatically.

"It's the unusual that usually happens, Mr. Bentley."

"But there can be no objection to your taking the car," went on the imperturbable Second Secretary, "providing that I am with you to vouch for the journey."

"Good! It's settled," said the Prince. "And we will take Assad with us. After all, he is affianced to my daughter."

Bentley nodded. The Prince and Assad had called for coats.

I joined Bentley in retrieving our coats in the hall of mirrors.

"You've no desire to stay on at the party?" grinned Bentley.

"Hang the party! I wouldn't miss this encounter on the road for anything. D'you think we can catch up with Browne?"

"If he's using his old car, which I expect he is," said Bentley, "we're almost certain to overtake him. Come along!"

The Prince, dragging a sullen Assad, had already gone out the door and was making for the car.

Bentley seated himself with the driver, while I sat at the back of the car with Prince Kerbela and the podgy Assad, who smelled of caviar and rustled with bank notes. Very little was said during the first half-hour. We passed through the gates of Teheran with its Russian and British sentries, and Bentley displayed his pass.

He questioned one of the soldiers about Browne's car. The soldier remembered an American, with a girl at his side, driving along the Isfahan road three-quarters of an hour previously. They were in an old car. The American had shown a diplomatic pass. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter past ten.

"We should overtake them about midnight," said Bentley, over his shoulder. Then he hunched up his collar and settled down to sleep.

I must have fallen asleep, for I awoke with a start at Bentley's voice.

"There they are, ahead of us!"

Our headlights had caught the car in full glare.

"Can we stop them?" asked the Prince, leaning forward.

"We shall all have to stop within half a mile. There's a village barrier ahead."

We flashed past the old car. There was a glimpse of two figures seated in the front. Then our car began to slow down as we approached the chain barrier across the road, one of the dangerous features of night travel in Persia. As we stopped, a man with a lantern came forth from a hut.

"Order him to keep the chain fastened until the other car arrives," said Bentley. "Now I think we can stretch our legs."

We had no sooner stepped out of the car than the other drove up. Bentley, the Prince, and I strolled toward it. Somewhere behind I heard soft cursing as Assad slithered on the ground.

"Hello, Browne!" said Bentley casually.

"Hello, Bentley. What brings you away from that jolly party?" said the American imperturbably.

But the girl, wrapped in rugs at his side, shrank back as the fierce, determined face of Prince Kerbela, her father, materialised in the light of the lantern held by the Persian.

"Young man, you and I have an affair of honour to settle," said the Prince in his most theatrical fashion. "You will please to step out of your car."

"Certainly," said Browne. "I'm rather glad of this opportunity to say a few words to you, Prince, before resuming my journey."

"Don't dare to presume—" thundered the Prince.

Please turn to page 31

"I'd like to change this hat—it chirps!"

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Continuing . . . Flight From Teheran

from page 30

BENTLEY interrupted hastily, to say: "Might I suggest, in the chilly circumstances, that we all go into the local chai-khana? Your daughter, Mahi Manzar, will welcome a glass of tea after the long drive."

"As you wish," said the Prince imperiously. He drew himself to his full height and marched in the direction of a lamplit doorway. It was the local caravanserai, or chai-khana, which is always to be found close to the village barrier. The rest of us followed, Captain Browne with his arm protectingly about the girl.

"Robert, I'm frightened!" whispered the girl in English.

"It's the last time you ever will be," he said calmly.

Prince Kerbela strode into the chai-khana like a military conqueror taking up his headquarters.

A samovar bubbled and hissed in the distance. From behind it the proprietor shuffled.

"Chai?" he asked.

"Chai," nodded Bentley, and sat down.

The tea, in steaming glasses, was handed round with a ceremonious bow by the proprietor. Prince Kerbela held his glass between two strong fingers, took a sip, and turning to the American, said: "I demand satisfaction for this outrage."

Browne looked at him sternly.

"I am taking your daughter to Isfahan, Prince Kerbela. We are to be married by the English bishop there. I may as well tell you that whatever you say cannot alter our decision."

"Really," sneered the Prince. "And supposing I kill you before you leave this village?"

"That's a possibility, but most improbable," calmly replied Browne.

"You seem very sure of yourself, young man," said Kerbela ominously. "I wonder why?"

Browne's answer came straight back, startling us all.

"Because I know you for what you are—an actor, a charlatan, a grandiose liar who desires to believe his own lies."

The Prince took a step forward. I thought he was about to fling the glass of tea in Browne's face. But the American's gaze did not waver. A little foam flecked the lips of the Prince. His eyes glared. Suddenly, he turned abruptly.

"Assad!"

His shout startled the figure bent over a glass of tea.

"Yes, Prince?"

"This man has dared to rob you of your fiancee. What do you intend to do?"

"Intend to do!" said Assad. "Why—nothing. What can I do?"

"At least you might be man enough to challenge him to a duel."

Assad licked his lips.

"To a duel! Surely you are joking?"

"I'm deadly serious. I ask you, now, are you prepared to fight for this woman who has been promised you in marriage?"

Assad gave a nervous smile, and thrust a hand into his dinner-jacket, where the banknotes rustled.

"No, Prince Kerbela," he said ingratiatingly. "I am prepared to marry your daughter, but not prepared to fight for her. I am not a fool."

"You are a despicable cad," thundered the Prince. Assad shrugged his shoulders and turned again to his noisy consumption of tea.

"Under the circumstances," added the Prince, turning grimly to Browne, "I must fight you myself. I suggest pistols at ten paces. Please arrange for your seconds."

Bentley was about to speak, but Browne interrupted.

"Bravo, Prince!" he cried. "I agree. A duel is necessary. But not in the manner you propose—at ten paces. May I suggest a form of duel which will leave the victor free of any liability, and thereby ease the conciences of our diplomatic friends?"

"What is that?" asked the Prince suspiciously.

Browne brought a revolver from his hip-pocket. It was a nickel-plated weapon of five chambers. He jerked it open, and carefully took out three of the cartridges. Only two cartridges were left in the weapon, and these were spaced by empty chambers. Browne snicked it back, and twirled the magazine. Then he laid the revolver on the table. We gazed in stupid solemnity at him as though he were performing a trick.

"Now if either the Prince or myself should be found here with a bullet through the head and a gun held in hand," he said, smilingly, "anyone would assume that the affair was a suicide. Isn't that so, Bentley?"

"It depends," said the Second Secretary cautiously.

"But if you also witnessed the suicide?"

"You're not suggesting—" began Bentley.

"Indeed I am," said Browne calmly. He turned to the Prince. "I understand you mean that by this duel one of us must die?"

Prince Kerbela seemed to have gone a shade paler.

"Yes," he said.

"Well," nodded Browne, "I suggest that one of us puts the revolver to his forehead, and pulls the trigger. Chance may decree that the chamber be empty. Then the other takes the revolver and does likewise. Again the chamber may be empty—or it may not. As you've seen, three chambers are empty; two are loaded. The odds are fairly even. And as I've pointed out, when the fatal shot is fired, the witnesses themselves can faithfully say that it was suicide."

"Browne, this has gone far enough," said Bentley. "Don't be a fool!"

"On the contrary," said the American, "the Prince demands satisfaction. I am prepared to give it to him. Prince, the duel is on! Would you like the privilege of trying the first shot at yourself?"

And with a gesture he indicated the revolver on the table.

Prince Kerbela drew himself up. In that handsome face with its glowing eyes there was now a furtive look. He gazed round at the little group, a mute questioning in his eyes.

"As you've decided the—er—extraordinary terms of this duel," he faltered, "I consider that the first shot should be at yourself."

Browne smiled.

"As you will, Prince. I expected that honor."

Calmly he stretched out a hand for the revolver. He lifted it to his forehead. But at that moment Mahi Manzar flung herself forward.

"No, Robert, no!" she cried. "I will not have this sacrifice. I will go back to my father rather than allow this mad duel to take place."

She struggled to take the revolver from him. Prince Kerbela recovered, momentarily, his self-possession.

But without hesitation Browne twisted her hand away and pushed her aside. She staggered back a few paces, her mouth round with terror. Again the American raised the revolver to his head. Fascinated, I watched his finger curl about the trigger. Then Bentley leaped forward. But he was too late. The finger jerked; the hammer clicked—that was all. The chamber had been empty.

Browne carefully replaced the revolver on the table.

"And now, Prince Kerbela," he said quietly, "it is your turn."

Instinctively we all gazed at the Prince. The hand that should have been stretched out for the revolver was trembling visibly.

"Come, Prince! It is your turn!" repeated Browne sharply.

IN the ravaged face that was now revealed were many emotions. The Prince was struggling to play his part to the end, to recall the right lines, to overcome the paralysis of fear. His eyes closed, as in a spasm of pain. We saw him then as an old charlatan who had acted all his life, who had entered so completely into his part that he could tremble or shed tears of emotion as if in earnest. Yet at this great moment all his devilish artistry failed him. He bowed his head.

"I can't—I care not," he declared, and with a sob turned away.

There followed a silence. Then came a faint sigh, as Mahi Manzar slumped into a faint. Browne immediately went to her.

"I think, Prince Kerbela, you had better go back to your guests and your home," he said over his shoulder.

The Prince, with bowed back, shuffled out of the chai-khana. Assad waddled after him. Bentley and I remained a moment with Browne.

"She will be all right in a few moments," the American said. "We will have supper here, and then resume our journey to Isfahan."

Bentley held out his hand.

"I would have considered it a privilege to be the best man at the wedding," he said. "But I will have to drive the Prince back to Teheran."

"Thanks," nodded Browne. "I feel rather sorry for my future father-in-law. Please look after him."

"I will," said Bentley. "But tell me, what led you to the discovery that he was a fake?"

"Oh," smiled Browne, "many little incidents and things told me by Mahi Manzar. He was simply a man who always longed for a sensational reputation. Like the storytellers in the Persian bazaars, he began to believe his own fantasies.

"Once he began, he had to go on inventing. He had money enough to surround himself with stage props and devices which made the sensationalism seem true. He even cajoled his wife into playing the dramatic role of a mad beggar woman, abandoned by him. You may have glimpsed her outside the palace this evening. But when he had to face real drama, as a few moments ago, he failed. He had to reveal himself—a charlatan."

The girl signed. Her eyelids fluttered. It was time for us to go. I held out my hand, saying:

"Nevertheless that was a desperate chance you took—pointing a revolver at your head and pulling the trigger."

He chuckled.

"An old college trick. I knew by the feel of the gun that it was an unloaded chamber."

I stared at him doubtfully, but he shook my hand and sent me away. Once again I sat in the back of the car with Prince Kerbela and Assad. A profound silence prevailed. After some fast driving we entered Teheran.

As we reached the little palace lights were still blazing, and some guests were moving about the rooms. Assad rustled his banknotes.

"Maybe the gambling continues," he said, hopping out of the car and waddling toward the steps.

The Prince stood at the entrance for a moment. He seemed an old man. His mouth twitched and there were tears in his eyes. He raised a hand, feebly, as a gesture of thanks, and without a word began to walk toward the palace.

Then, out of the shadows, darted that beggar-woman who had whined at our approach some hours earlier. She caught hold of him gently.

"Come along, my dear," she said to him in French. "You look very tired. We must put you to bed."

"Yes, I'm very tired," he said simply. "I would like to go to bed."

We drove away.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Personal parcels

WISHING to have the personal touch in my contribution towards food for Britain I selected from a newspaper the names of two British soldiers given posthumous awards, and wrote to the mayor of their town.

I asked permission to send parcels care of him to the widows of these soldiers.

The parcels were delivered and I received most interesting and grateful letters.

Now I send direct to these mothers. One has three children and the other four.

Their gratitude for food and clothing is touching. I hear regularly and take a great interest in the two families.

I am sure anyone wishing to send personal parcels, but not knowing anyone in England, can get addresses in the way suggested.

£1 to Neil Arnold, 9 Studley Park Rd., Kew, Vic.

Good service

MANPOWER personnel should be retained to staff an employment bureau, as it is very helpful to be able to obtain advice and a list of the most likely places to look for work.

When the war ended and the switch over from munitions took place, many employees obtained good positions through the kindly advice they received from manpower officers.

5/- to Miss E. Edgar, 23 Rose St., West Coburg, Vic.

A passing phase

IN reply to Mr. Hunt (16/2/'46), the fundamental principles of politics are taught at all State and High Schools, and in business colleges. The girls who go crazy over Van Johnson are mostly between 14 and 18 years old. They cannot vote until they are 21 years old, so why not let them have their fun?

5/- to Miss Eunice Gee, 10 Springfield Ave., Toorak, Vic.

A little out-of-date

AUXILIARIES planned to assist in the social welfare work of hospitals should see that an adequate supply of reading matter is available to inmates. Recently I spent several weeks in a hospital where the only magazines were dated 1928.

A few pounds spent annually on books and current magazines would do much to brighten the lives of patients.

5/- to Mrs. R. V. Hissey, Yeelanna, S.A.

Mobile laundry units

COULD mobile laundry units used by the Army be adapted for use in country hospitals, where the most antiquated methods are still employed?

This idea is not put forward to cause unemployment to those marvellous women who now manhandle 44-gallon coppers filled seven times, and do all their own wringing and hanging-out, too.

It is suggested to give them an easier time in the future.

5/- to Mrs. R. W. Horsley, 31 Shaw St., Yass, N.S.W.

Parks in the country

THERE is a noticeable lack of spacious parks in most country towns.

A park with shrubs, trees, flowers, swimming-pool, and playing-field is an asset, making the town modern and attractive. In cities there may not be sufficient space for such areas, but in the country there is ample room.

5/- to Miss Dorothy Pengilly, 11 Vaux St., Cowra, N.S.W.

Poor tired feet

MOST countrywomen would enjoy their visits to the city much more if hotels and boarding-houses there provided a tin dish in each

room to soak feet tired after walking on concrete pavements.

The provision of such a dish would save us from having to balance on the back of bedroom chairs while soaking our feet in the built-in basin.

5/- to Marguerite Treacy, Numurkah, Vic.

Keep it clean

GIRLS in sandwich bars handle cash and then immediately select food with their fingers. Health authorities should insist that girls who handle money do not touch the food, as money is a disease carrier.

5/- to Mrs. H. Petters, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Teach love of music

TO foster a love of music, radio or gramophone sessions of good music could be given instead of the singing lessons in primary schools.

These periods would be a welcome break in the day's work, and would engender a taste for good music, in place of the dislike often bred by the monotony of repetition in singing lessons.

5/- to P. Mortimore, 159 Elphinstone St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Swinging the classics

WHY do people allow good music to be ruined as it is to-day? Surely there is enough (too much in my opinion) swing written without spoiling lovely music.

Turning on the wireless lately I have been disgusted to hear a modern version of "Liebestraum." Musical masterpieces such as this were composed to live for ever, not to be degraded.

It wouldn't surprise me to hear the Warsaw Concerto played by a jazz band.

5/- to Miss Fay Wright, 48 Patterson St., Coburg, S.A.

Good manners

I OFTEN notice in trams and buses children of school age offering seats to their elders, and young women standing for older women. It is nice to see the younger generation with such excellent manners.

But I would like to hear more thanks given to those who forfeit their seats by those who take them.

5/- to E. Beckton, 4 Violet St., Essendon, Vic.

Rule of the footpath too

PEDESTRIANS should remember the "keep to the left" rule applies to them as much as to drivers of vehicles.

Some people wander along on the wrong side in busy shopping areas, gazing into shop windows, and blocking traffic coming the other way. This causes great inconvenience and waste of time.

5/- to M. N. McCann, Box 38, Kerang, Vic.

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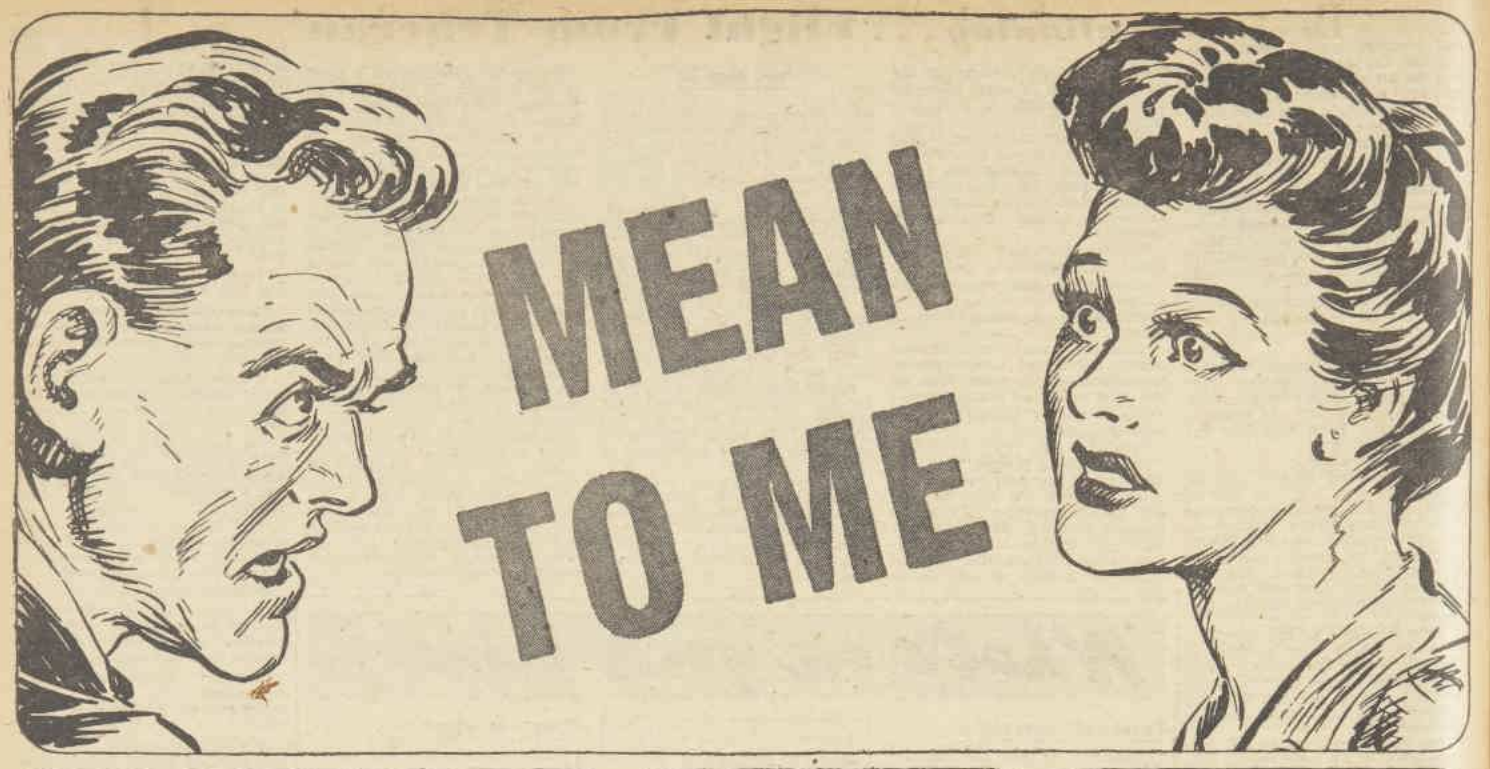
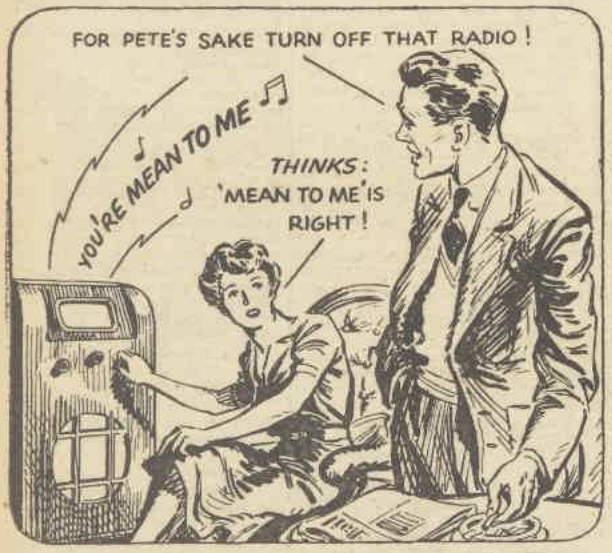
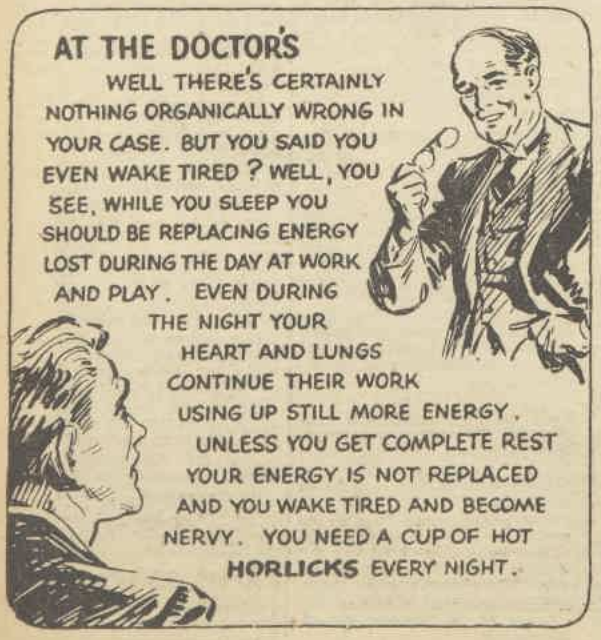




AT THE DOCTOR'S



WELL THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG IN YOUR CASE. BUT YOU SAID YOU EVEN WAKE TIRED? WELL, YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEEP YOU SHOULD BE REPLACING ENERGY LOST DURING THE DAY AT WORK AND PLAY. EVEN DURING THE NIGHT YOUR HEART AND LUNGS CONTINUE THEIR WORK USING UP STILL MORE ENERGY. UNLESS YOU GET COMPLETE REST YOUR ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED AND YOU WAKE TIRED AND BECOME NERVY. YOU NEED A CUP OF HOT **HORLICKS** EVERY NIGHT.

Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form

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When the Boys Come Home

MARILYN murmured an indignant little protest, and Pete picked up her hand to kiss it. Then he paused, staring at the short broken nails, the fingers rough with calluses, stained deeply with black.

"Oh, Marilyn!" he said. It was the sign of that man Daniel Freeman, that man who saw her three evenings a week, who stood close to her, guiding her fingers over dangerous machines, praising her.

Her cheeks were flushed. "I want you to see the school and what I'm doing," she told him steadily. "I'm learning welding now." He let her hand drop, and sneezed again. "You're catching cold up here," she said. "We'd better go down, Pete."

He shrugged. "You go ahead." He did not help her as she stepped to the top rung of the ladder. Lady welders don't need help, he told himself, and was ashamed, yet no less resentful.

He was glad to see Cissie when she returned, red-cheeked and voluble. He thought of the camp and of what he would be doing there now. He had a sense almost of homesickness for the quarters he had left so eagerly.

His mother returned. His father came home from the office. Conversation was general, familiar, and unsatisfying. Marilyn stayed for dinner, but not for coffee.

"I have to run." Her voice was even, but her eyes, looking at Pete, were pleading and apologetic. "I'm late for class now. To-morrow I'll be free, Pete."

He shrugged again. They had already told him that to-morrow there was a dinner-party at the Howards'.

"It's nice to have you all to ourselves this first night," his mother said. "I don't mean Marilyn," she added quickly. "She's practically family now."

"Why don't you dopes get married?" Cissie asked. "I think a wedding here would be smooth. And I can be maid-of-honor."

Nobody said anything.

Pete was definitely getting a cold, and at ten-thirty he was put to bed by his entire family, given a hot drink, and kissed good-night.

He slept late, and awoke to find that Marilyn had telephoned. "You'd better take care of yourself to-day," his mother said. "I think you'll be all right to go to the party."

Pete smiled as though his mouth hurt him. At quarter to seven they got into the family car and stopped first for Marilyn and then for Emily Murdock. Nice and cosy, he thought bitterly; only four extra people to keep him and Marilyn company. There were twenty at dinner, and going home they dropped Marilyn at her house.

Pete walked with her to her door. "To-morrow's school again," she said. "Why don't you come and watch, Pete?"

"I'll see how I feel," he murmured.

He still did not feel quite like himself when he awoke in the morning. His cold seemed gone; he did not actually ache anywhere, but he was uneasy and irritable.

The telephone rang constantly; everyone seemed filled with activities except himself. He did not seem to belong any more; he felt like an outsider, almost an intruder.

His mother had answered the phone again. He heard her soft voice, "Yes, he's here. Would you like to talk to him?" She raised her voice slightly, "Pete, here's Dody."

"Hello," he said into the mouthpiece.

"Hall! How's the lieutenant, and when am I going to see you in your fancy suitings?" Her husky voice sounded gay.

"You can look any time," he told her. "Free to you."

"Why don't you come over this afternoon? You couldn't come for dinner, could you? I'm an orphan to-night."

"I certainly could come," said Pete. "I'm a bit of an orphan myself."

Why not? he thought as he hung up. Dody was a good kid and fun, and Marilyn would be trotting off to her silly school and her Mr. Freeman at seven. He didn't want to go and watch a bunch of chattering females drive rivets. All this civilian activity seemed a little excessive to him. Why couldn't they leave the war to the Army and just keep domestic business as usual?

He walked to Dody's house through the cold, darkened streets.

"Pete!" she kissed him and then pushed him away so she could look at him. "What a military figure! You're terrific, darling!"

"You don't look like a war orphan yourself," he said. "I suppose you ran that little number up out of the shower curtain?"

Her long scarlet skirt was chiffon and the jacket was scarlet silk embroidered in gold.

"I was extravagant," she admitted. "We're so awfully economical these days, and somehow——"

"Don't apologise," he interrupted her. "I'm unanimously in favor of it. Redder dresses and golder slippers is Watson's motto."

She led him to the sofa before a blazing fire. A card-table was set for two to dine, and a cocktail tray stood on the coffee table. Pete grinned.

"It does look a little like a set for the big love scene," Dody admitted, "but I thought it would be cosier."

"Again no apologies," he said. They touched their glasses, smiling, and he felt a surge of content. "How's your love life?"

"I keep busy," she said. "Gary's got a licence made out, and I'm trying to make up my mind to be a war bride."

"You and Gary ought to do all right," said Pete.

She was looking at him thoughtfully. "Marilyn on war work to-night?" she inquired.

"The little dope's learning welding," he answered.

They were silent. Dody would have married him last summer, and they both knew it. Perhaps she would marry him now.

"Have you seen Mary? She's home just now," Dody said brightly. "She's our Number One Amazon."

"The ladies are certainly outdoing themselves," he murmured.

"It's really amazing," Dody told him. "If I don't marry Gary, I may join the Waacs." Her voice had lost its gaiety; she looked down at the table.

Pete lighted a cigarette. He wished they could skip the war, just for to-night. Apparently you couldn't skip it. Not anywhere.

"Let's have another cocktail," said Dody. Her perfume was sweet as she moved; her gold heels clicked. She turned on the phonograph as she passed it. When she returned from the kitchen, Pete took the shaker from her and held out his arms. "May I have this dance?"

They had always danced well together. She was a tall, long-legged girl, with the co-ordination of an athlete.

"Hello," she said. "What were we getting gloomy about?"

He kissed her lips very lightly, and she laughed.

THEY were gay as they ate their dinner, still laughing when they sat side by side on the couch, drinking coffee.

"Mother'll be home at about nine," she said suddenly. Their eyes met and the gaiety was gone again, like a burst balloon. Dody's eyes held his, not really questioning, not really hoping.

"Good kid," he said, and put his arm round her shoulders and gave her a very brotherly hug. It was a worrying thing to know a girl loved you when you were in love with another girl.

"You picking up Marilyn?" she asked.

"Yes." He did not move, though he wanted desperately to go now. "I should think you and Gary should make a success of it."

Her smile was bright. "Might be. Then again, I'd make such a handsome Waac." Her mouth was soft and her eyes held no bitterness. "I guess I'll marry him. It the least a girl can do these days."

They stood up, as if the moment of parting had been prearranged.

"Good old Pete," said Dody. She put her arms up and kissed him. She drew away, but not before a tear hit his cheek and rolled down it. "My, but everyone's emotional these days!" she exclaimed, and wiped her eyes. "Good luck, Pete."

The streets were deserted and a wind had come up from the north. It was nearly a mile to the abandoned school building where the defence classes were held. He

Continued from page 11

plodded on, and because Dody had disturbed him, made him feel, in spite of himself, guilty, he found himself getting angry. . .

The schoolhouse was a blaze of lights, and he was grateful for the warmth as he opened the door and went into the central hall. At his left was a room filled with clanking, whirring machines, a few young boys, and an oddly assorted group of women. The open door at the right showed three lines of tables, with sheet metal stretched vertically above them and more girls working drills and air guns.

"Looking for somebody, lieutenant?"

He had nearly collided with a man, and he looked up, startled, into pleasant blue eyes fringed with long black lashes. A man of perhaps forty, handsome from either male or female standards. Pete swallowed. "Are you Mr. Freeman?"

"Yes."

"I've come for my fiancee," said Pete, stumbling over the word, but getting it out firmly. "Marilyn Lane."

"Lane," Mr. Preeman repeated. "What course is she taking?"

Pete looked at him suspiciously. "Pretending he doesn't know her," he muttered to himself. "Welding, I believe," he replied at last.

Mr. Freemana's smile was attractive. "The little blonde!" he said. "She's doing well, too." He looked at his watch. "They have fifteen minutes to go. Would you like to look round? It's amazing what these women are doing."

"Thank you," said Pete. "You're not too busy?"

Daniel Freeman talked smoothly and proudly as they went from room to room. "Over eleven hundred trained workers graduated into defence jobs." He picked up a metal object. "We made this here. Milling-machine vise. This is a cutter." His capable hands held up another part. "Make all our own tools." They went into the blueprint-reading-room, the tracing class. They descended to the whitewashed basement and picked their way between tanks of gas and wooden crates. "Here's the welding."

Marilyn did not look up. Her blue eyes were hidden behind thick dark glasses, and sparks flew upward from the acetylene torch in her right hand. The steel rod in her left hand was steady; her tiny figure in blue overalls and a blue jacket was motionless and intent.

Daniel Freeman was holding out a pair of glasses. "Go over and watch her, if you like. She's getting quite expert."

Pete took off his hat and put on the glasses. Still Marilyn had not looked up. He stood beside her, watching the dribbling line of molten metal, like a decoration on a birthday cake. She completed the length of a square of practice steel and looked up. For an instant they stared at each other through the thick, ink-black glasses. Then she laughed and put down her torch.

"Darling! I didn't hear you. I'm so glad you came." She shoved the glasses up to her forehead, just below the bright sheen of her hair. "Have you met Mr. Freeman?"

He nodded, with a sudden lump crowding against the walls of his throat.

"We can go now," she said; "I've finished for to-night."

HE was silent helping her into her coat. "Have you a car?" she asked. She shrugged when he shook his head. "We'll have to walk then. I did. I thought if I saved up some gas we could go buggy-riding while you're here."

The lump in his throat did not lessen, and now his eyes smarted. They walked with his arm round her, a soldier and his girl, along the cold, still streets.

Her mother had gone to bed. Marilyn called up the stairs and then came, smiling, into the room where Pete waited.

"What about some food? I'm starving." They went together to the kitchen. She looked childlike, yet very feminine, in her overalls.

"You're very silent, Lieutenant," she said.

"I was thinking." Thinking about his idiotic resentments and jealousies. Thinking about Dody and her warm gallantry. Dody and Gary. Dody saying, "It's the least a girl can do these days."

Marilyn's eyes were on his face.

Win the War to Keep Marilyn Spoiled. She had been fortunate and happy, but she had never been spoiled, and nothing was going to spoil her. Certainly not marriage.

"What about having a wedding to-morrow?" he asked.

She slipped from her perch on the kitchen table and went into his arms. "Oh, Pete, yes!" she agreed.

He stroked her hair back from her forehead and looked into her eager, happy eyes.

"It's customary," she reminded him politely, "to kiss your girl when she has accepted you, Lieutenant."

"I'm a great believer in custom," said Pete. "All the good old-fashioned ways."

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when you make
the most of yourself

You will look your most fascinating and adorable self in HIS admiring eyes — when you "play-up" your own natural loveliness with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

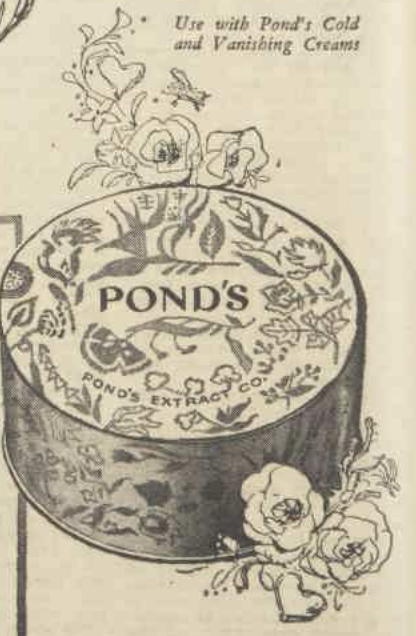
It's for *you*, to make the most of yourself.

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder gives the *loveliest* silken finish to your skin. It is so soft and fine-textured, it goes on like a dream—and stays on flower fresh for hours.

In four complexion-toning shades: Rachel, Suntan, Rose Brunette and Natural.

Small Size, price 1/8; Large Size (almost double quantity), price 2/10 at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.

Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams



Pond's

DREAMFLOWER
FACE POWDER

Make-up trick to make you lovelier

Here's the "drill" for putting on your face powder smoothly. Never start by powdering your nose. Never rub powder in hard! Instead, dust the powder LIGHTLY all over your skin from the throat to the hair line. Then GENTLY smooth the edge of the puff down over the face, especially round the eyes and the base of the nose.

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Sleeve and shoulder lines

Our fashion artist, Rene, makes some delightful suggestions on these important aspects of the new mode.

• SLEEVES. Brief cap, beautifully draped and bouffant types from tiny puffs to wrist length for soft crepe frocks . . . Dolman or bat wings for coats and suits.

• SHOULDER LINES. Most important is the tendency towards softer, rounder line with softer padding. Many woollen frocks, suits, and coats dispense with pad and feature dropped falling-away shoulder line with sleeves set low. Cap sleeves are often fringed.

See how I shine - after my bath with PEARS SOAP

You can look right into the heart of a tablet of Pears—its purity can be seen. That clear, transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin, and matchless for your own complexion.

Ps.30.27

Happy days ahead

when you find out what tests have proved

Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove *in just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter!*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

Ps.1.26.

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Actor's luck held despite jinx song

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

A fellow passenger in the Aquitania sang Tosti's "Good-bye" as ex-A.I.F. Gunner John McCallum stepped ashore at Southampton, England.

Like most actors John regarded it as an ill-luck tune; but has changed his mind, for he walked from that ship straight into English film stardom.

HE went to Gainsborough Studios for a small part film test, came out with lead in "The Root of All Evil," opposite No. 1 British star, Phyllis Calvert.

Director Brock Williams took one look at this hefty, six-foot-one Aussie with a quiet smile, who spoke lines with such simple ease, and made the big decision.

And so John became rival of Michael Rennie for Phyllis Calvert's screen favors, and had a juicy, long-term contract in his pocket.

John told me: "I like virile character parts, and particularly this one, because it gives me something to put my teeth into."

His first role with Gainsborough is that of a solid young farmer.

Prophecy came true

JOHN'S sudden appearance in film headlines fulfils a startling prophecy made years ago by an obscure reporter on an English country paper, when he saw schoolboy John in his first role.

Anyone would have been forgiven for laughing at the small-time critic who predicted that one day the boy who piped Cardinal Wolsey's lines in a school production of "Henry VIII" would be a famous actor.

Now it is the reporter's turn to smile.

Startling also is a coincidence having its roots in that same Oaklands preparatory school, which has about 100 pupils.

When he shook hands with tall, dark Michael Rennie, who co-stars with him as a "suave rascal," John found that Michael, too, had been a pupil at that school.

Chrome-plated living has no attraction for this quiet, easy-going Aussie.

Most of his time he is searching for a small flat or hotel still retaining the dignity and serenity of older times.

At 28 years of age John remains unmarried and is modest about girls.

John is a man's man who mixes literature with sport in about the right proportion.

He plays golf, Rugby football, swims, and captained Queensland's Great Public Schools combined cricket teams for two years.

His favorite authors are Somerset Maugham, "Saki," A. P. Herbert, and Alexander Woollcott.

Before the war he studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and received a thorough grounding in repertory acting in famous English theatres, the Old Vic and Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

When war broke out he went to Australia House in London, and found he had to pay his own way to Australia to enlist.

He fought in New Guinea as a gunner in the 2/5 Field Regiment.

While still on service in the Pacific he appeared in a Government short, "Joe Goes Back."

He is well known in Australia for his acting in radio, films, stage plays and musical comedies.

He has produced and acted in plays at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, and played opposite Gladys Moncrieff in "The Maid of the Mountains" and "Rio Rita."

Soon Australian audiences will see him in "A Son is Born," a film produced by Eric Porter's studios.

It was a stroke of luck that took John to England. After his demobilisation he wanted to get to America, but had to travel via England.

The first theatre he walked into was playing selections from "The Maid of the Mountains."

"That was my lucky omen," he said. "At that time they were still playing 'The Maid' in Melbourne, and I left the show to come overseas."

Yes, he is still very superstitious, even though the bogy of Tosti's "Good-bye" was exploded.

Though this undreamed-of film chance has been thrust upon him in England, it has not deflected his eye from Hollywood in the future.

AUSTRALIAN ACTOR John McCallum, who was a gunner with 2/5th Field Regiment, A.I.F., will star in Gainsborough film "Root of All Evil."

Hollywood stars' housing troubles

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD stars are faced with just the same housing troubles as confront hundreds of people in Australia, as the acute accommodation shortage is as bad as ever.

Most of them manage to meet their difficulties with a humorous twist. For instance, Columbia's new find, fair-haired Coulter Irwin, living in a garage, told me:

"It's not so bad now. At least I have the garage to myself. Last week there was a car sharing it with me."

Poor Bob Mitcham, star of RKO's "The Dream of Home," is fully aware of the irony of this title.

He said: "That is a laugh. I have no home and will probably end up by pitching my tent in the park, when my relatives get tired of letting me sleep on the sofa."

It is not so easy for Jackie Cooper and his wife June Horner to be amused at having to vacate their apartment. They are expecting a baby.

PLUMP character-actor S. Z. Sakall had the cast of Warners' "Two Guys from Milwaukee" in convulsions of laugher on the set.

Sakall, who was entertaining visitors Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, asked, in his heavy Hungarian accent, their views on the kind of watchdog he should buy.

"You must get a Boxer," Bacall suggested.

"That I don't want! I don't want him to box, I want him to bite!" Sakall exclaimed.

It took Lauren several minutes to convince Sakall that a Boxer is a breed of dog, and unable to blacken his eye with a right jab.

* * *

RICHARD GREENE, who served in the British Army throughout the war, has arrived back in Hollywood for Fox, bringing with him his stunning English bride, Patricia Medina.

Patricia, who has made several English films, is considering offers from several of our studios—but will probably sign with Fox, where husband Richard is a star.

Film Reviews

★★ THEY WERE SISTERS

THE sorrows, joys, tragedies, and happinesses of three middle-class sisters living in the English Midlands make sufficient drama to hold interest.

Arthur Crabtree as director keeps the pace moving a little slowly; but Gainsborough Studios can place the film on the success list.

Dulcie Gray, as Charlotte, first of the three to marry, gives the outstanding performance, her highly dramatic part never getting out of control. Anne Crawford and Phyllis Calvert handle their roles as the other two sisters convincingly. James Mason is satisfactorily boorish.—Embassy; showing.

★★ THIS LOVE OF OURS

PIRANDELLO'S story has been streamlined to meet filmgoers' tastes by director William Dieterle, lent by David O. Selznick to Universal for the occasion. The film is neither trite nor too tear-wringing.

Merle Oberon as the deserted wife refound bristles too much; so that an undue amount of sympathy goes to Suzette (Sue England) as the sensitive daughter. Charles Korvin and Claude Rains give strength and sincerity to their parts, the former as Miss Oberon's husband and Rains as her fellow-artist.—State; showing.

★★ THRILL OF ROMANCE

MGM have gone to town in a big way in starring Van Johnson and Esther Williams in a technicolor musical which is as luscious as an ice-cream sundae special.

It also introduces opera star Lauritz Melchior as a benevolent "cupid."

Heart-throb Van will set most feminine audiences sighing happily, though Esther's frocks and the ultra luxury settings will attract plenty of attention. For the masculine filmgoer the lissome Miss Williams in glamor bathing suits will be well worth the ticket-money.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE DOUGH GIRLS

ADAPTED from Joseph Fields' stage hit this Warners comedy set in wartime Washington is well above average.

Beautiful girls looking for husbands include Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith, Jane Wyman, and Eve Arden. They act well in addition to looking lovely.

Equally interesting are Charles Ruggles, who gets plenty of laughs, Jack Carson, Alan Mowbray, Craig Stevens, and John Ridgely; but they take secondary place to the girls.—Empire; showing.

THE CONSPIRATORS

FREDERIC PROKOSCH'S Nazi spy story set in Lisbon was excellent, but the film adaptation by Warners falls down heavily and never picks itself up.

As a French girl married to a Nazi, Hedy Lamarr's acting is as bad as her looks are good; but Paul Henreid turns in a good performance as a member of the Dutch underground.—Plaza; showing.

Forty costumes for Peggy Cummins as Amber

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Peggy Cummins has forty costume changes in the leading role of "Forever Amber," and as she weighs only seven stone the heavy period gowns are being made of the lightest possible material.

PEGGY took me to the wardrobe department of 20th Century-Fox, where three rooms full of women worked exclusively on her costumes, under the supervision of top-ranking designer Rene Hubert.

Rene Hubert showed me a gorgeous flame taffeta hand-sewn with 180 yards of gold ribbon to represent the tapestry type of material used in 1676.

Hubert feels the many hoods worn by Peggy may start a new fashion rage.

For her first Hollywood party Peggy decided to buy her first really expensive dress.

She described it to me as we lunched together.

"It is of white net, is very sophisticated, with no shoulder straps, and the bodice banded with ostrich feathers.

"I was particularly fond of the train which floated behind me on the floor, until an embarrassed young man tapped me on the back and thrust an armful of wilted material into my hands, saying: 'Excuse me, is this yours?'

"Somebody must have trodden on it. So for the rest of the evening I was stuck with this limp rag—once my pride and joy."

Leading parts on the London stage in "Junior Miss" and "Alice in Wonderland," which she played all through the blitz, have given Peggy background and stability, so that she is unlikely to have her head turned by Hollywood praise.

She has a sense of humor, but is affected by her sudden prominence with flashlights going off every time she appears.

As Peggy came toward my luncheon-table, I looked at the tiny figure in a white shantung suit, and thought she looked about 15 years old.

But her keen mind and her London background convinced me she is admirably suited for the Amber role mentally, as well as because of her startling prettiness.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

WAITING EAGERLY for the film to start at a Hollywood premiere, Laraine Day, Lana Turner, and Rory Calhoun were photographed unawares. Rory Calhoun, a newcomer to films, is 23 years old and is a protege of Alan Ladd. Lately he has been steady escort for Lana Turner, supplanting Turhan Bey.

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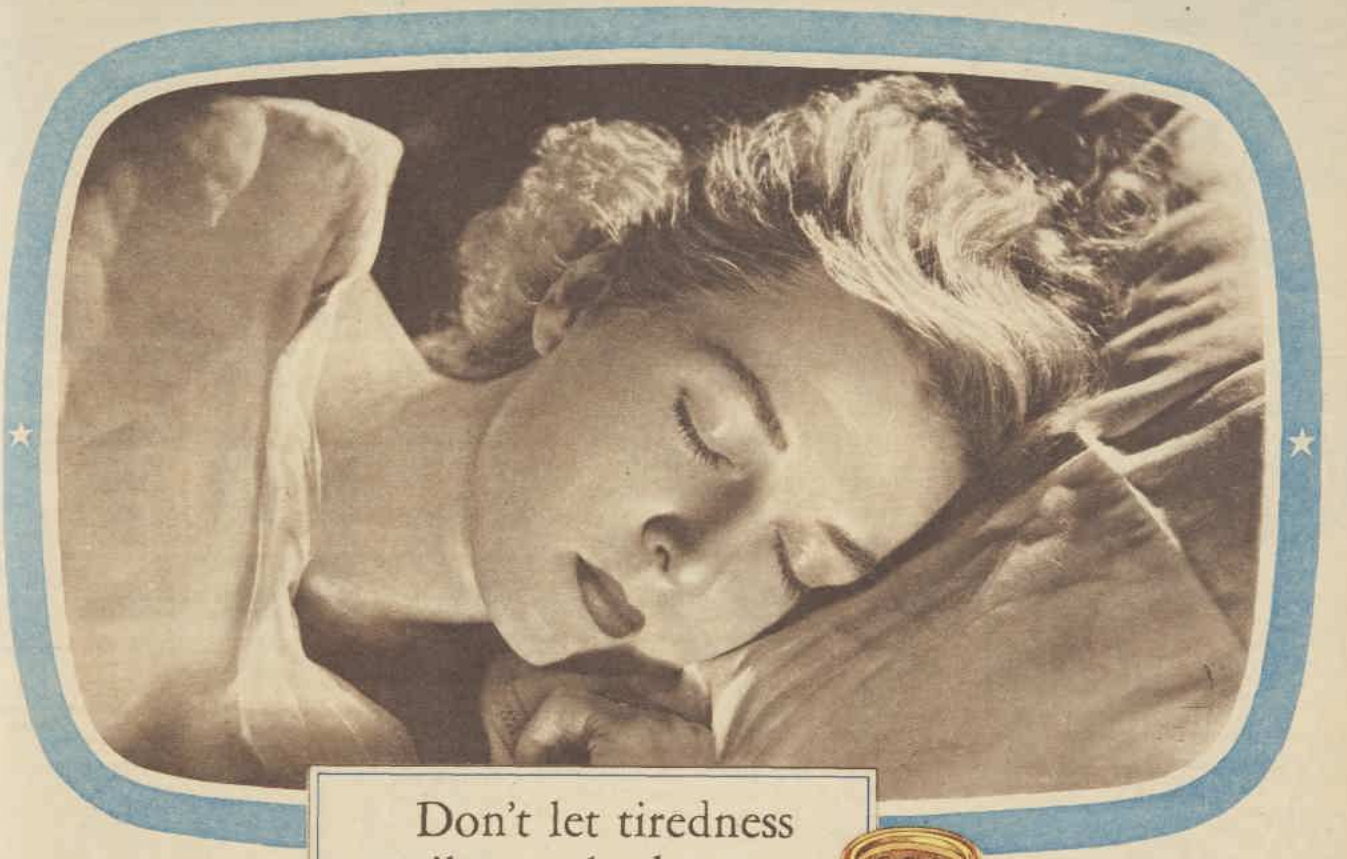
To *be* well . . you must

SLEEP WELL



Don't let tiredness spoil your looks . . .

. . . sleep better, wake fresher with the aid of delicious Bourn-vita at bedtime

How often do you wake up fresh as a daisy . . . with the feeling of having had a marvellous night's rest? Few people regularly experience such a feeling . . . except when they are away on holidays and have put their cares behind them. On most mornings of the year they wake tired-eyed and only half-rested . . . reluctant to get up and face the duties of the day.

If you are like that, why not do something about it? To be well you must sleep well. Lack of proper rest quickly shows in a woman's face . . . and in a man's work. If you are an ordinary normal person there is no secret to securing the restful, healthy sleep you need. It is largely a matter of following a simple regular custom that is practised in hospitals and convalescent homes, where doctors and nurses have the problem of ensuring sleep for patients who find it difficult to sleep of a night. That simple custom is to take the nourishing drink, Cadbury's Bourn-vita, just before "lights out".

Contrary to old ideas, modern medical science advocates the taking of nourishment *before* retiring, provided, of course, that such nourishment is in a light, easily digestible form. Doctors know that when you go to bed long after the evening meal, your stomach often contains insufficient nourishment to sustain your body through the hours of the night ahead. While you may think that your body does not use up energy while you are lying asleep, it is a scientific fact that your body uses up more energy during the first hour of sleep than in an ordinary waking hour. Unless your stomach contains the required amount of nourishment from which your body can draw that energy, sleep is slow in coming, and fitful and restless when you *do* succeed in falling off.

A cup of delicious Cadbury's Bourn-vita taken at bedtime has a twofold effect. Firstly, the calcium and phosphorus it contains soothe and relax your taut nerves. Secondly, its nourishing qualities quickly provide the energy your body needs. This nourishment in Cadbury's Bourn-vita comes from the natural protective foods from which it is made — full cream milk, fresh eggs and barley malt, with the addition of energising chocolate. This highly nutritious food-drink contains vitamins A, B and D, as well as the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Importantly, it is easily digestible, being particularly rich in diastase, the element in a food which governs how digestible it is. Cadbury's Bourn-vita will not tax the most delicate digestion. Finally, Cadbury's Bourn-vita is simplicity itself to prepare. Simply place two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of milk. Stir! It requires only a moment or two of preparation to make your regular nightcap of Bourn-vita, which you may make with hot or cold milk as you prefer.

Buy some Cadbury's Bourn-vita immediately. Drink it each night before retiring — every night for a month. You will sleep better after the very first night and feel a sense of heightened well being as the days pass. Remember the name — Bourn-vita — made by Cadbury's from full-cream milk, fresh eggs, barley malt and chocolate, in the model Cadbury factory in the country surroundings of Claremont, Tasmania.

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

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Imagine rich farm milk with all its golden cream and dawn o' day freshness intact—that's Trufood Full Cream!

See if it isn't the creamiest, freshest powdered milk you've ever tasted. Trufood is meadow milk from Australia's richest pastures, with only the water taken away. Milk in its purest, safest form, sealed from danger—free from preservatives. And so handy—you mix and make it in a moment, with no waste whatever.

TF.70.26.

Saratoga Trunk . . .

1 **FORTUNE HUNTING,** Clio (Bergman) comes to New Orleans with servants, (Austin and Flora Robson).

2 **TEXAS COWBOY** Clint (Cooper) meets Clio in French market, and it is love on sight for the daring pair.

3 **ADVISED** by Clint, Clio travels to Saratoga, where she charms Van Steed (Warburton) and dowager mother.

4 **BITTER** at Clio's plan to marry Van Steed, although she loves him, Clint quarrels and leaves Saratoga.

5 **QUEENING IT** at Saratoga's costume ball with Van Steed, who has proposed, Clio hears that Clint has gone to fight thugs attacking Van Steed's railroad.

Stormy Romance for Bergman

EDNA FERBER wrote the romantic and tempestuous novel, "Saratoga Trunk," from which Warners adapted a co-starring film for Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper.

Ingrid—wearing a black wig—plays the stormy French girl who comes back to New Orleans from France to embarrass her father's family with her escapades.

From New Orleans she goes to fashionable Saratoga Springs of the 'nineties to mingle with millionaires—on the scornful advice of her cowboy lover, Clint (Gary Cooper).

Jerry Austin and Flora Robson play the servants.

6 **INJURED** in railroad fight, victorious Clint carries Cupidon into ballroom, and makes Clio forget her plans.

Thanks to **LAXETTES**

Everyone needs a laxative sometimes . . . a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative . . . a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children . . . in fact, Laxettes . . . packed in tins for your protection. . . . . 18 for 1/7

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Wondoflex

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When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles;—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of **Kintho**—*double strength*—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the *double-strength* **Kintho**, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Yardley show you how to look pretty as a picture yourself! In your bath — or whenever you can near bed time — use your Yardley Night Cream. Delightfully, this rich, emollient cream will leave your skin smooth, refreshed . . . replenished. When you "make-up" next day, give your skin a lovely matt look with "Bond Street" Complexion Powder. Pat it well in. Powder over your Yardley Lipstick, too; then retouch. This way, you'll certainly accentuate your loveliness.

Yardley Night Cream: 6/4 — *"Bond Street" Complexion Powder: 4/4* — *Yardley Lipstick: 3/5*

AT ALL FINE CHEMISTS AND STORES

YGC.146

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Pamela Patience... that's sound advice

"Well, I do know what the Horrockses name stands for" said Pamela Patience. "I always choose Horrockses fabrics myself. So when the salesman showed Michael John pyjamas of Horrockses Flannelette, of course I advised him to get them. And like all Horrockses fabrics it is colour-fast and will wear and wear. It pays you to get Horrockses."

Horrockses REGD.

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FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CECILY"

Well-cut suit in medium flat crepe

This sweet little suit is fashioned in a lovely heavy-weight flat crepe with a satin back finish in delightful shades of sugar-beige, tropic spice brown, heavenly blue, moss-fern green, and courage-royal blue, and is ideal for late summer or early winter wear.

Style shows the popular high collarless neckline, snugly buttoned front, and set-in dolman sleeves. Skirt is gored and flared, and fits well at hipline.

Ready to wear: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 65/11 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 69/11 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/6 (17 coupons). 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

"ELEANOR"

Bright little apron for housewives

This apron is made in an excellent and hard-wearing American gabardine in shades of rose, green, beige, brown, and navy-blue, all with contrast bindings and embroidered yokes.

Ready to wear only: Price, 8/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 10½d extra.

Order from pattern department, or send to the address given on this page under concession pattern coupon.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 692

An all-the-year-round blouse

Pattern for this smart striped blouse is traced clearly on a tough wearing British cotton in shades of turquoise, bright red, navy-blue, apple-green, candy-pink, and saxe-blue on white, and is ready for you to cut out and make up.

It features shaped shoulder yoke, tie neckline, and trimly buttoned front.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 7/3 (5 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 7/11 (5 coupons). Postage 3½d extra.

No. 693

Cute little bibs for baby

Design for bibs is traced on best quality white huckaback with animal motifs stamped for working.

Price, 9d each, or set of three, 2/-. Postage 2½d extra. No coupons. Binding, as illustrated, not supplied.

No. 694

Lovely duchesse set

This dainty set is traced on hard wearing linenlike British cotton in shades of pale blue, beige, light grey, and white, and is already stamped with embroidery motif to be worked. Set consists of large centre mat and two smaller ones.

Price 3/-, postage 2½d extra. No coupons.

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SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

PLAY CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

SIZES 4 TO 10 YEARS

No. 1, Requires 1yd., 36in. wide. No. 2, Requires 1¾yds., 36in. wide. No. 3, Requires 1¾yds., 36in. wide.

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FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

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Postage extra.

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James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.

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Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill
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CENTRAL PHARMACY
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T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.
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AT ALL LEADING STORES

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4194

F4194.—A gay little blouse for your autumn wardrobe. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4195.— Unusual playsuit, pretty, youthful-looking. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4196

F4195

F4196. — Sweet, beruffled frock for day wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4197.—Eye-catching model for day or evening. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4198.—A dear little pyjama suit for junior. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4199.—Let this woollen frock be a member of your winter wardrobe. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

These fashion patterns are available at our pattern dept. If ordering by mail use the address given on page 40 under concession pattern coupon.

F4197

F4198

F4199

● *PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on opposite page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

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Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it fair **always** with Sta-Blond. If your hair *has* darkened, Sta-Blond will **bring back** its former fair golden sparkle, and with it will come back fascination, beauty and appeal. For Sta-Blond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail.

NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Let's hope it won't be long now—

The rewards of six years of struggle and sacrifice are in sight. Not the least of them will be an unrestricted return to the comfort and youthful contour imparted by Lady Ruth Practical Front Corsets and Charma Underlift Brassieres.

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS AND Charma Underlift Brassieres

"THE PERFECT COMBINATION"

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COLOUR
creates attention—

Yes! Escapade Lipstick and Rouge not only create attention, but they give you, yourself, the lovely feeling of comfort and a sense of ease about your makeup.

"Give yourself an Escapade!" with a living satin to your lips and bloom to your cheeks. The Lipstick and Rouge created are by Master-chemists of a great American cosmetic house.

Among the various shades are the now famous Delaware Red, "Sparkling 22", No. 29 and No. 30.

Escapade Lipsticks and Rouges are manufactured under licence and from the formulae of one of America's largest and most important cosmetic manufacturers.

ESCAPADE

The thoroughbreds of cosmetics

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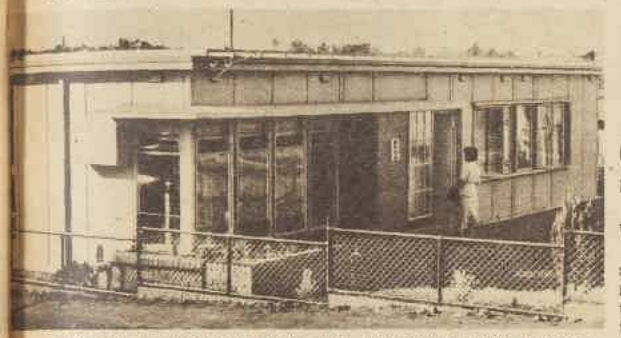
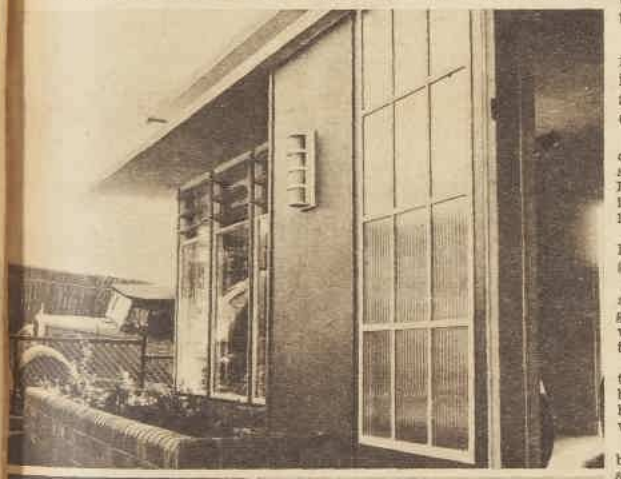
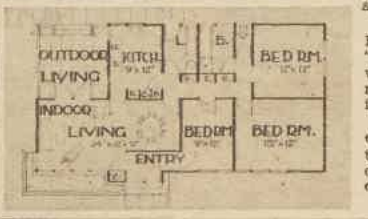
FIRST all-steel prefabricated house on its way to the site at Ryde, N.S.W., for testing purposes. Brick foundations awaited it and house was put together in a day. All-steel house costs between £1200 and £1500.

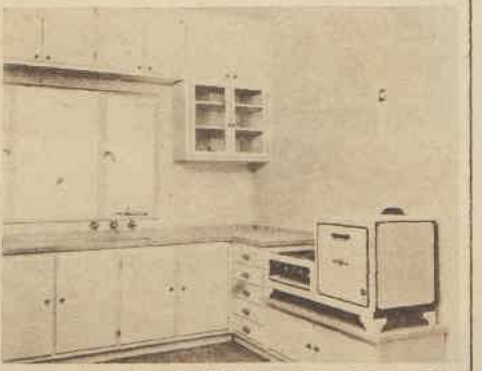
WENT UP IN A DAY: *First All-Steel Prefabricated House*



FROM this angle the house looks small. Flat roof can hold up to fifty people; can be used as sun deck or, fenced in, playground for children. A built-up terrace at side for outdoor living leads off living-room.







TOP LEFT: Close-up of half section of house frontage. Note the adjustable louvers (in window area) which allow for free flow of air. Eaves shelter windows from rain and midday sun. Centre: Ground-floor plan of house, and immediately above are shown corner sections of second bedroom and well-appointed kitchen.

By EVE GYE,
Homemaking Editor.

CLAIMS made for the all-steel prefabricated house, pictured on this page:

(1) It's durable, fire and vermin proof, soundproof.

(2) It's cooler in summer and warmer in winter than most houses because insulation properties of walls are twice as effective as the standard brick walls; insulating quality of roof is five times greater than the customary gable roof.

(3) Fully prefabricated at factory, glazed and painted, it is transportable in sections and can be erected in a day on a prepared foundation.

I had a look over it the other day in heatwave weather. From the street I expected it to be oven-hot. It wasn't. The air was fairly cool indoors. The house has a 24ft. x 12ft. living-dining area.

The kitchen took my eye. It's light, airy, well appointed, with a good stove and all-steel cupboards.

I liked the bathroom with its shower enclosed by shatter-proof glass panel, its two big corrugated windows that swing out at the base to let in light, air, and sunshine.

Good to see hot-water unit in the laundry which feeds wash-tubs, bathroom, and kitchen. Flooring of bathroom and laundry is covered with linotex cemented to the floor.

There are no built-in fixtures in bedrooms; but plenty of window space.

During my visit I met Mr. H. Elsner, governing director of the "Arcos" factory, where this house was built, and from which hundreds more will flow as production gets into swing.

A graduate in mechanical and electrical engineering, Mr. Elsner told me that this house was the outcome of several years' research on his part, and he's proud of it.

Days gone by

and Days to come

Bedcovers in smart, exclusive designs, in pronounced or subdued shades to harmonise with bedroom decorations . . . bedcovers such as you have dreamed about and longed for.

But soon—may it not be long — these dreams will be realised, for Vantona "Court" Bedcovers will be appearing in entirely new and exciting designs—such as have never before been possible.

In addition to "Court" Bedcovers, the Vantona range includes "Joyous Morn" Towels, Blansheets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all will bear the VANTONA Tab.

VANTONA household TEXTILES

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THERE are many lovely girls in Australia today who could become successful highly-paid mannequins, models, popular hostesses, or movie actresses, if they only knew how.

To assist these girls in this marvellous profession Susanne has opened her Sydney Salon to teach, instruct and cultivate in the arts of figure perfection, carriage, inspired styling, make-up, hair-do, clothes, voice and poise.

Models who qualify are offered definite positions in this glamorous world of the arts.

Susanne's personalised methods can make "a more lovely you" even though at present you may feel you're an uninteresting type. That's what you want, isn't it? Then call, write or phone for a first appointment. Special classes for young ladies just leaving school.

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Telephone, M3696.

Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles

QUICKLY EASED BY THIS SYSTEM-CLEANSING

"Internal Bath"

Indigestion, dizziness, headaches, sleepless nights, stiff, painful joints and muscles, are symptoms which show your vital organs of elimination are out of order.

5-fold Treatment Gets at Cause

Thousands have found blessed relief in R.U.R., containing the five essentials for success — a liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, laxative, blood corrective and acid eliminative.

R.U.R. is a real "internal bath," quickly and safely cleansing the system of accumulated poisons, acids, and wastes which cause your troubles. Yet R.U.R. contains no dangerous or habit-forming drugs.

Used and Proved by Thousands

Ex-Superintendent of Police, Stuart Robson, writes: "I had serious ill-health—muscles and joints causing much pain and stiffness, in addition to liver and kidney trouble. I feel 10 years younger after taking R.U.R. Back and muscular pains have gone . . . general relief has been extremely great."

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

R.U.R. will put you right or cost you nothing. Money-back guaranteed full treatment 7/6, smaller size 4/-. At all chemists and stores.

TAKE* R.U.R *AND RIGHT YOU ARE!

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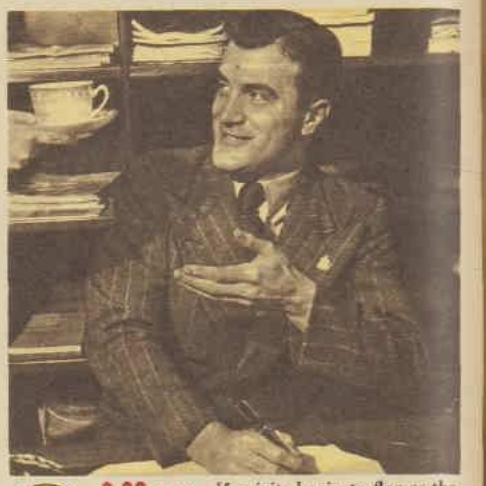
Good morning! Good afternoon! and a Really Good night!

HOW MILO HELPS TO BUILD ENERGY, INCREASE VITALITY AND INDUCE RESTFUL SLEEP

GIVE MILO a place in your daily time-table. There's always a time when some member of the family can benefit from a cup of this delicious, fortified tonic food. MILO nourishes the body, fortifies the nerves, and helps you to work well, feel well, and sleep well. MILO is a chocolate-flavoured, concentrated tonic food, prepared from pure country milk and malted cereals, fortified by the addition of vitamin concentrates, organic phosphates, and important mineral salts.

11 a.m. For that extra "zip" which will carry you through a busy day . . . MILO in the middle of the morning is a nourishing, natural tonic, delicious in flavour.

11 a.m. Round about mid-morning the busy housewife feels the strain. A cup of MILO will help to restore lost energy and recuperate the whole nervous system



3.30 p.m. If spirits begin to flag as the afternoon draws on, a stimulating cup of MILO will give you the necessary "lift" to help you finish the day.

4 p.m. Home from school, mentally tired, but with plenty to do before the day is over. Give the kiddies a glass of MILO, and keep them "on their toes" and fighting fit.

10 p.m. The work and worry of the day is over, and body and brain need sound, refreshing sleep. Make sure of it, keep that bed-time date with a soothing cup of warm MILO.

MILO

The Tonic for the Times

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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For 11 or 4 O'clock

● Biscuits, light tea cake or freshly made tea rolls pair pleasantly with the mid-morning or mid-afternoon cup of tea or coffee. These recipes are appropriate between-meal snacks.

FRENCH TEA CAKE, freshly baked, and almond flavored neenish tarts are old teatime favorites worth reviving. Recipes for these are on this page.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

OLD favorites will always hold their place of honor for morning tea or afternoon tea.

Seldom does a new creation surpass such old-timers as the freshly baked feather-light cheese scone . . . or, for the more abstemious, the wafer sugar cookie, faintly spiced . . . or the basic sponge cake layered with raspberry jam and cream.

To those who must watch their weight for beauty or health reasons, such between-meal snacks are forbidden.

For many, however, they are justified, for the rest pause with a refreshing drink and light cake or cookie has both psychological and physiological benefits.

NEENISH TARTS

Pastry:—Three ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 2oz. shortening (clarified dripping or substitute), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, about ½ cup water.

Filling:—Three ounces fine white breadcrumbs or desiccated coconut, 2oz. icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, few drops sherry or fruit juice, 2 or 3 drops almond essence.

Icing:—Two tablespoons mixed white icing, 2 tablespoons mixed chocolate icing.

Make pastry by sifting flour and cornflour, rubbing in shortening, adding lemon rind and mixing to a dry dough with water. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds and line patty-tins. Bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) until crisp and browned, about ten minutes. Combine filling ingredients, mixing to a smooth and soft consistency. Fill patty-cases. Ice half of each top with warmed white icing and then ice the other half with the soft warmed chocolate icing. Try the addition of chopped pineapple to the filling.

HONEY TEA ROLLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg or cinnamon, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and spice. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg, honey, and milk, reserving 1 tablespoon of liquid for glazing. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to ½in. thickness, and cut into 2in. rounds. Brush with water and fold in half, glaze. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Serve freshly made. Split and fill with cream cheese or apple butter and orange marmalade.

CREAM CHEESE WAFER BISCUITS

Four ounces self-raising flour, good pinch of salt and dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon celery salt, 1oz. butter, 2oz. cream cheese, little cold water.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, and celery salt. Rub in butter and cream cheese. Mix to a dry dough with water. Roll to a thin sheet on a floured board. Cut into small shapes, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) 7 to 10 minutes, until crisp and lightly browned. When cold store in airtight tin. When caraway seeds are available try brushing these biscuits wih egg-white and sprinkling with caraway seeds before baking.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Two ounces butter or dripping, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 egg, 3oz. plain flour, 2oz. wholemeal flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream together fat, sugar, peanut butter, vanilla, and golden syrup. Beat in egg-yolk and stir in the sifted flours and soda. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and roll to ¼in. thickness. Cut into rounds, brush with egg-white, and place on greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. When cold store in an airtight tin.

FRENCH TEA CAKE

Two eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, few drops vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of nut butter.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Whip egg-whites to a stiff snow, adding good pinch of salt. Beat in egg-yolks and then milk and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour and lastly fold in melted butter. Pour into a greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. While hot brush with nut butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Serve freshly made.

ORANGE BRAN FLAPJACKS

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup bran, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Sift flour and salt. Mix in bran, grated orange rind, and sugar. Mix to a soft batter of easy drop consistency with beaten egg, milk, and shortening. Stand aside for 10 minutes in cool, airy place. Bake in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or heavy frying-pan, turning to brown. Serve with honey or marmalade.

CHEESE AND CELERY TEA ROLLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch of salt, pinch of celery salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, pinch of dry mustard, 1oz. butter, 2oz. grated cheese, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 egg, 2/3rd cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, celery salt, cayenne pepper and mustard. Rub in butter. Add grated cheese and celery and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk, reserving a little for glazing. Turn on to lightly floured board and knead lightly to a smooth dough. Roll to about ¼in. in thickness. Cut into 2 inch rounds, brush with water and fold in two. Glaze with milk and egg. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes.

APPLE SAUCE COOKIES

Eight ounces flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon powdered cloves, 3oz. clarified fat or butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rd cup thick apple puree, 2oz. chopped raisins or dates.

Sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt, cinnamon, and cloves three times. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in egg; add apple puree, blending in well. Add flour mixture, a small amount at a time, blending after each addition, mixing until smooth. Add raisins or dates. Drop in small spoonfuls on a greased baking tray and bake in a fairly hot oven (400deg. F.) for eight to ten minutes.

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On all the far-flung battlefronts of the war, the Flit soldier has been defending the health of fighting men. He has destroyed the mosquitoes that propagate yellow fever and malaria; the fleas and lice that spread typhus and a host of other diseases.

Now we are happy to welcome the Flit soldier home—home to give you and your family the powerful protection against dangers and torments of these vile pests.

This means that Flit—with the familiar figure of the Flit soldier on the package, plus the addition of famous D.D.T., is available when and where you want it.

Now contains
D.D.T.
Ask for—and be sure you get FLIT. Do not accept substitutes.

FLIT

—deadlier than ever to insects, harmless to humans

WOMEN in every Circle

Pay tribute after tribute to Rosella Pure Foods. The quality appeals.

Enthusiastic Expressions of praise for these favourites come from homes where Rosella Foods have been served and will be heard again when supplies are obtainable. *Delicious* in flavour and of *genuine* goodness.

Rosella

OVER 100 PURE FOODS

TOPSY-TURVY PEACH CAKE will always win medals . . . Thickly grease bottom of cake-tin, liberally sprinkle with brown sugar, cover with sliced fruit and top with cake batter; bake and serve hot.

LUNCH-BOX RECIPES

● Back-to-school movement must have inspired the host of recipes for nut breads, cakes, and cookies sent in for this week's contest.

PRIZEWINNERS are inexpensive utility recipes with fine flavor interest.

The orange nut loaf pairs deliciously with cream cheese, and indicates an apple in the lunch parcel. It is moist and fragrant, with orange flavor.

The cocoa roll, cut to wafer rounds and sandwiched with butter or peanut butter, makes a good sweet sandwich to pack in with the savory sandwich or salad snippets in the lunch-box. A good dash of spice can be added in the mixing.

Recipes are judged weekly from entries sent in by readers.

ORANGE NUT LOAF

Three cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-3rd cup shortening (butter or butter and margarine mixed), ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, ½ cup orange marmalade, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening and add sugar and orange rind. Stir in beaten egg and milk and then orange marmalade and walnuts. Bake in 2 greased bar tins in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 45 minutes. Serve in thin slices with cream cheese.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. Page, 16 Billong St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

COCOA ROLL

Three tablespoons cocoa, 12 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins or chopped dates, milk.

Sift cocoa, flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar and fruit. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Bake in 2 greased nut roll tins in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 1 hour. Serve thinly sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Braddon, 42 Huntley's Pt. Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.

CINNAMON PEACH CAKE

Two tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 1 cup sliced cooked peaches, crumbled mixture of 2 tablespoons flour, ½ tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in egg. Stir in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder alternately with milk. Turn into a greased 6in. cake tin. Arrange drained peaches on top and sprinkle with crumbled flour and cinnamon mixture. Bake about 45 minutes in a moderately hot oven (350-375deg. F.).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Goode, 62 Pleasant Ave., Plympton, S.A.

SHORTBREAD LAYER SQUARES

Eight ounces short pastry, raspberry jam, or any other kind, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 3 dessertspoons icing sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute.

Line a swiss roll tin with the pastry. Spread with jam. Sift flour, cocoa, and icing sugar and blend with beaten egg and melted butter, mixing to a thick batter. Spread this over the jam and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Cut into squares while still hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Hanley, 124 Belgrave St., Morningside, Brisbane.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER PLATTER that costs little, looks good, and tastes better . . . piping hot sausages baked in bacon rolls with French toast, mustard relish and plum sauce . . . arranged by Ruth Hussey, MGM star.

MEETING THE EVER-
Growing Demand

With children simply shooting up Kirby Beard Products will help you take care of their clothes, whether it be making, mending, or just taking out a tuck.

Kirby Beard

PINS-HAIRPINS
KIRBIGRIPS
SAFETY PINS
AND NEEDLES

Obtainable from all good stores
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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief.

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

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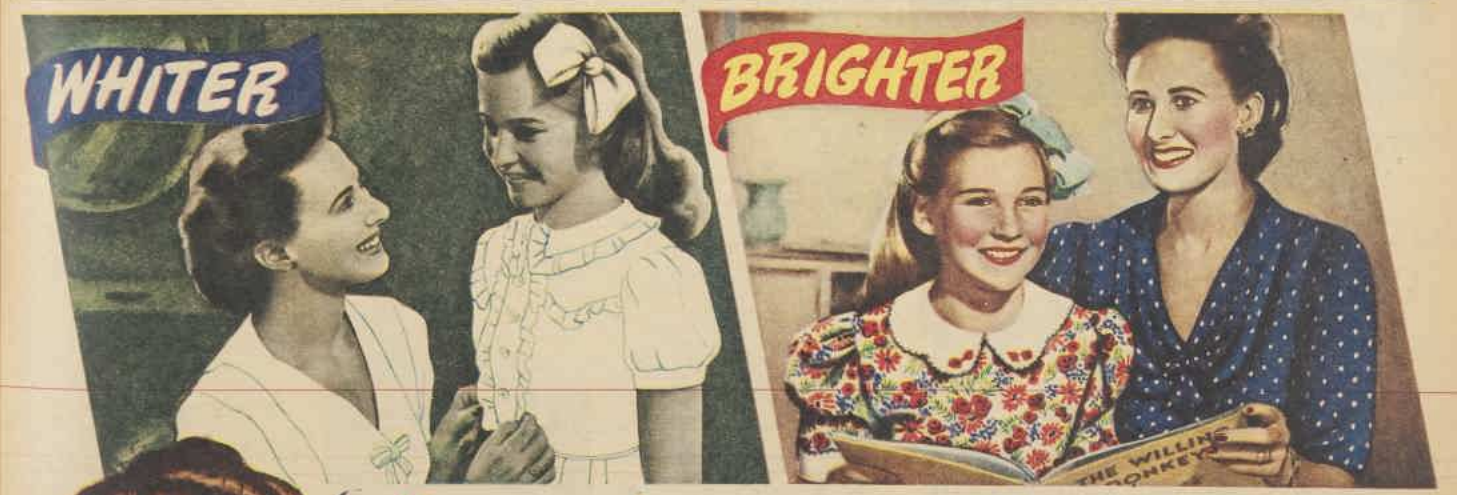
What the future held for Betty...

The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy. A daily bath or shower with *any* soap is not enough to stop B. O.—you *must* use Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient. It's the one soap specially made to stop B. O.

W.155.1



No more bar-soap scrubbing for me, thanks to Rinso's richer, thicker suds!

Z.172.1

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Shortly . . .

Highly trained Gossard operatives are coming back from Service with the Forces. Soon they will be helping to serve YOUR beauty and comfort—increasing production to cope with the demand for "MisSimplicity" and other famous Gossard Models.

Keep asking for Gossard at your favourite Store—supplies ARE available regularly.

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

STOCKING WISDOM: Frances Rafferty, MGM star, finds it more economical to buy several pairs of the same shade so that they can be matched up when some of them ladder. And if she has an assortment all different shades she dyes them all the one color.

Back again! First for years!

WATERPROOFED FAWN GABERDINE —

Created by — Adelyn

Sold by Leading Stores.....

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN washing glassware that has contained milk, do not use hot water, for it bakes the milk into the glass and leaves it dull. Fill with cold water and rinse.

★ ★ ★

NEXT time you spill beetroot on your tablecloth, don't despair. Just cover the stain immediately with a piece of bread soaked in water. Leave on until the bread has drained the stain out.

★ ★ ★

THINGS do happen! Should you spill hot fat on the kitchen floor, pour ice-water over it immediately. This will harden it before it has a chance to soak into the linoleum, and it can then be scraped off with a dull-edged knife.

TALCUM powder will prove a valuable aid when ironing. Dust it on your hands frequently, and so prevent them from becoming moist or chapped.

★ ★ ★

IT'S always a good idea when you're putting on your "best" stockings to slip your hands into gloves first. This way you will save many a snag or ladder.

★ ★ ★

GIVE a new lease of life to buttons that have become dulled through constant washing by rubbing them with furniture polish.

★ ★ ★

I'M told that if you paint the inside of your linen closet a medium blue, this will prevent the linen from turning yellow.

Here's What YOU Want for STOMACH UPSETS

De Witt's Antacid Powder is so quick acting that *one dose* is usually enough to relieve an upset stomach. In fact, quick relief from the pain and discomfort of digestive troubles is always at hand—if you have this reliable family treatment in your medicine cupboard. RELIEF! That's what you really want . . . and you get it, because De Witt's Antacid Powder consistently does these three important things:—

Firstly, it neutralises excess gastric acidity. This relieves the pain and distress you feel after eating, when your stomach is sour.

Then, it soothes and settles the stomach. Consequently, your next meal does not mean further trouble for an already upset stomach.

Finally, it protects the inflamed lining, and thus helps Mother Nature, the greatest healer of all, to put things right.

So, if a sour, upset stomach is turning you off food, or if heartburn and flatulence take all pleasure out of eating, get a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder from your chemist to-day. You will find in this popular antacid treatment the answer to most "tummy" troubles.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large, sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

Fat factor in good nutrition

By SISTER MARY JACOB

FAT is one of the food components of which a certain proportion is necessary in our diet.

It supplies the body with energy (with less bulk than the other food factors) and with heat.

It is stored in the body and the deposits form a protective covering for some of the important organs, and those beneath the skin form a protective envelope for the body against cold.

Fat also supplies very valuable vitamins and acts as a store for them until the body needs them. However, it is the food element which in infancy and early childhood often causes difficulties and digestive upsets and needs careful adjustments.

It often proves a problem when a baby has unfortunately to be bottle-fed from birth. Then the fat in the milk-mixture must be kept low at first and very gradually increased as baby's digestion learns to deal with it.

Cases of "fat-intolerance" are fairly common.

The early signs that the fat is not being properly digested are that the baby's motions become very pale in color, bulky, and often very difficult to pass.

At the same time the urine is often acid and has a smell of ammonia, and the napkin-area becomes red and scalded.

If the diet is not adjusted at this stage the motions become loose and very greasy-looking and are very acid, so that the buttocks become badly scalded.

Vomiting, which is not an early sign of a fat-intolerance, often occurs at this stage and the vomit is very sour-smelling and creamy in appearance.

To avert a big digestive upset medical advice should at once be sought, as special diet and treatment are needed when there have been recurring signs of a "fat-intolerance."

N.B. The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, for individual interviews and demonstrations every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

THIS HEALTHY, laughing babe is Robert Kenneth Foulkes, son of Cpt. and Mrs. K. Foulkes, of 86 Garnet St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W. Robert was five months when this picture was taken.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 325 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 226 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—
A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

Cuticura OINTMENT

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ANY GIRL can give herself a manicure. Anne Gwynne (Universal star) cares for her own hands.

SPOTLIGHT on HANDS

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert

● A few minutes of your time each day is all you need spend on your hands to give them that well-groomed appearance that adds so much to your charm.

IT'S very important to see that they are always dried thoroughly, and each time after having them in water rub a little of your favorite non-sticky hand-lotion into your hands and wrists.

At night, after washing the hands in warm soapy water, and rinsing in clear, cold water, rub vaseline or cuticle oil round the base of each nail, at the same time pushing back the cuticle.

HERE Marilyn Maxwell, MGM, is giving a finishing touch to her manicure by massaging the hands with lotion after nails are dry. This helps to keep them soft, smooth, and lovely.

Use hand-lotion before slipping into bed, or, if they are in a very neglected state, massage them with nourishing cream and slip on a pair of old cotton gloves to protect the bedclothes.

Once a week a thorough manicure is necessary. Begin by filing the nails with an emery board, drawing it always from the sides to the centre of the nails. Never, on any account, file away the corners, as this is what gives you those annoying hangnails.

Next pop them into a bowl of warm soapy water and let soak for a few minutes. Dry, pushing back the cuticle and smoothing away any rough edges left after filing with emery board.

Now smear cold cream or vaseline around base of nails and work in.

Then once again pop the fingers into the warm water, and dry.

With the flattened end of an orange stick work carefully around the base of each nail removing any dry cuticle that may be there.

For the last time dip the fingers into the water, and dry.

Then rub a little hand-lotion into the hands, massaging each one separately as though you were drawing on tight gloves.

If you use nail lacquer, now is the time to apply it. A natural polish can be attained by buffing the nails with a dab of powder.

Eating among treasures

MIXTURE of dishes and statuary. Diana, the huntress, stands near an inartistic pile of plates.

LONDON'S Bethnal Green Museum was turned into a shilling restaurant three years ago. It's still popular. Workers surrounded by priceless porcelain eat off cheap, thick, clay-like plates, drink from thick, handleless cups. Priceless pieces leave them cold.

HEARTRENDING MOMENT. Camera catches youngster in exploring vein among the ceramics. Attendant gripped him in time to avert a calamity.

THEY CAN EAT but they cannot smoke. Danger of fire is too great. Workers queue up daily to obtain tickets for their hot meal which costs one shilling.

INTRODUCTION TO FINER EATING

You know, you could widen your circle of friends if you unbent a little—weren't quite so exclusive, you know. I'm going to introduce you to ordinary houses, where you'll fit in either as a whole-family meal or as something to tempt fading appetites. Grilled, for instance, with a sauce such as this:—

**Melt ½ oz. of butter in saucepan, stir in ½ oz. flour and add by degrees ½ pint of milk, stirring steadily. Bring to the boil, add 1½ teaspoonfuls made mustard. Boil for 5 minutes and add ¼ teaspoonful salt.*

You'll be a real pin-up fish, thanks to

KEEN'S Mustard

We know you would like more Mustard, but Service demands have priority.

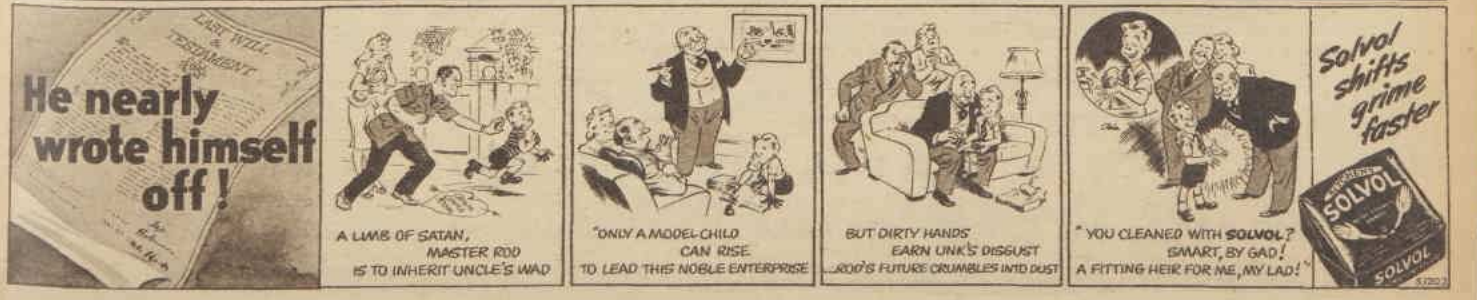
MG.45

There's nothing like feeling clean and fresh *inside* as well as out. Make a glass of sparkling Andrews Liver Salt part of your early morning health routine. It cleans and sweetens your mouth, settles your stomach, relieving biliousness and sick headaches, and very gently stimulates your liver and bowels. Be regular with Andrews . . . and hail to the deep-down *inner cleanliness* that brings you well-being.

1/9 & 3/-

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

COOLS — REFRESHES — INVIGORATES



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Custard, just plain custard, is the base of Spanish Cream and its attractive family. What you do with custard is nobody's business but yours, and the Davis Gelatine that makes all the difference in the serving of simple everyday foods. Make the acquaintance of this important family . . .

SPANISH CREAM — Old Style
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons (½ oz.) Davis Gelatine, 2 cups (1 pint) milk, 4 dessertspoons sugar, ½ cup hot water, 2 eggs, essence of vanilla.

Beat yolks of eggs and sugar together; add to milk. Heat until the mixture boils and coats the spoon. Remove from the fire. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to the mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff and stir into the mixture. Flavour to taste and pour into a mould. Remember, the custard must boil or it will not separate. It should only just boil; do not keep it cooking.

ANGELS' FOOD
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons (½ oz.) Davis Gelatine, 2 cups (1 pint) milk, ½ cup hot water, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 2 eggs, lemon essence.

Heat milk and sugar and pour onto lightly beaten yolks of eggs; return to fire, bring just to boiling point. Remove from fire. Leave until cold. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to custard. Flavour to taste and stir in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into a mould.

BUTTERSCOTCH SPONGE
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1¾ cups hot milk, ½ cup hot water, 3 eggs, pinch of salt, few drops of vanilla essence.

Make a caramel of the sugar and butter; add hot milk; pour over the beaten yolks of eggs. Heat until smooth, like custard—do not boil. Leave until cold. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water. Add essence. Beat the egg whites and salt until stiff. Whisk into the mixture when it is beginning to set. Pour into a mould and chill.

CREAM DELICIOUS
(Six Servings)

1 dessertspoon Davis Gelatine, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, pinch of salt.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Beat yolks until light, add honey and lemon juice and heat almost to boiling. Remove from fire; add gelatine and stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in a serving bowl. Serve with fruit.

SUPERB CREAM
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, ¾ pint milk, pinch of salt, vanilla essence.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, beat egg yolks, gradually add golden syrup. Heat milk, add to egg mixture, stir well, return to fire. Cook until the mixture coats the spoon. Boil quickly until it breaks. Remove from fire. Add dissolved gelatine, vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in a mould.

BANANA CREAM
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1 egg, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ¾ pint milk, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ pint sliced bananas.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Beat egg and sugar. Mix cocoa to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Heat balance of the milk, add cocoa gradually and boil for 3 minutes. Pour onto egg mixture; return to fire; add banana; cook carefully until the banana is well cooked. Add lemon juice and dissolved gelatine. Place in a serving bowl.

If you would like more recipes for all-the-year-round dishes, send your name and address and 2½d. stamp for postage. Special folders, "Meals for Little Folk." "Invalids and Convalescents," and diabetic diet recipes are also available if required; if of particular interest, mention it when writing for the "all-the-year-round recipes."

DAVIS GELATINE

DEPARTMENT W

Sydney: G.P.O. Box 3583S — Melbourne: G.P.O. Box 4058 — Brisbane: G.P.O. Box 758K — Adelaide: G.P.O. Box 712F

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Beware of the clothes you wear

PROTECT YOUR NATURAL SWEET SELF WITH THE NEW FAST-ACTING ODO-RO-NO

It's dressing that starts perspiration trouble, clothes do the rest, they catch and hold perspiration odour.

Prevent perspiration trouble before it begins; use the new fast-acting cream Odorono, a snowy-white, smooth cream. It does not turn gritty in the jar. Does not irritate skin, nor harm the finest fabrics.

ODO-RO-DO
CREAM DEODORANT

Every Woman!
"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

8 OUT OF 10 CHILDREN SUFFER FROM MALNUTRITION

One of Australia's most noted dietitians states that malnutrition among children prevails in eight out of ten Australian homes! In most cases, this is not caused through insufficient food, but through incorrect diet. In short, through an unbalanced diet and the eating of over-refined foods.

SYMPTOMS OF MALNUTRITION

Underweight . . . Physical and mental depression . . . Stooped posture . . . Poor appetite . . . Bad colour . . . Backward at study . . . Frequent colds . . . Sore eyes . . . Cracked lips . . . Bad breath . . . Bad temper . . . Easily upset . . . Tired on waking . . . Inability to concentrate . . . Blotchy skin . . . Weeping . . . Constipation . . . Brittle hair . . . Poor bone and muscle development . . . Physical fatigue. All or any of these signs can point to malnutrition caused by faulty diet. However, this can be easily corrected — particularly in the early stages — by a simple addition to the usual diet. All that is necessary, to supply the missing vitamins and minerals, is to include a tablespoonful of Pro-Vita West Harts (Stabilised Wheat Germ) on the breakfast cereal, porridge or stewed fruit each morning. West Harts are economical and palatable yet rich in vitamins and minerals. Get them from your chemist or store. 8 oz. packets, 1/-; 28 oz. canisters, 2/6.

Pro-Vita
WEAT HARTS
PV4—6

CHERUB knee-deep (and a bit more) in Cape Lilies (Ornithogalum album), near Port Lincoln, South Australia. This lovely flower was first dumped there from an overseas ship many years ago.

Dumped with ballast from ship beautiful flower grows wild

By our HOME GARDENER

KNOWN around Port Lincoln (S.A.) as the Cape Lily, this flower is more correctly known as Ornithogalum thyrsoides album.

It also labors under the title of Chinchertchee, and is wrongly called Star of Bethlehem.

Mrs. J. H. Randall, whose daughter Christine is shown amidst a dense mass of these stately flowers, tells me that they were introduced into South Australia many years ago by the crew of a windjammer who dumped sand ballast containing many of the bulbs at Port Lincoln.

The bulbs thrived and multiplied and to-day are in full possession of many acres. Thousands of bunches of the creamy white blooms, which last extremely well after cutting, have been sent to Adelaide, where they were sold on behalf of Red Cross funds.

The bulbs can be set out any time between now and May, and produce bright green foliage not unlike that of grape hyacinths. The flower buds are big and plump and are borne on long, strong stems. The flowers open gradually, 20 or 30 at a time, with a bunch of tightly closed buds above, which all open a few at a time to take the place of the lower ones as they fade.

For this reason the Cape Lily, or Summer Snowflake as it is called in America, has become widely naturalised in many parts of the world. The flower heads last many weeks after cutting if the water is changed frequently.

The bulbs are not fussy as to soil, but if it is very sandy some vegetable matter or old manure should be added to maintain the moisture content.

There are several varieties of Ornithogalum known to the trade. Ornithogalum maculatum (which is rare to-day) produces light orange blossoms, the others are mostly white, cream, or yellow.

NO MAGIC ABOUT D.D.T.

● Although one of the great discoveries of science, D.D.T. must be used with skill—and care.

By MEDICO

"I HAD heard so much about D.D.T. that I was disappointed at the results of a bottle of the spray I bought," said Mrs. Swenson.

"I sprayed it on the kitchen walls and expected it to act for three weeks," she explained, "but it didn't seem to kill the flies."

"There are several reasons for your disappointment," I said. "Firstly, D.D.T. is only slightly soluble in oil, therefore, an oily solution must have as much D.D.T. as it can dissolve if it is to be effective. The solution should be at least 3% to have its best effect.

"Secondly," I continued, "the spray must be applied to the places where the flies rest. That is usually on the electric light shade and the ceiling."

"I only sprayed the kitchen walls," said Mrs. Swenson.

"Thirdly," I said, "a spray on the areas I mentioned is best done twice in a week. This builds up a thicker layer than a single spraying and will kill the flies over a longer period than a single treatment.

"D.D.T. does not drive away flies, and it takes several hours to kill them," I said. "The first effect is to make them more active, but the final effect is definitely death."

"And what about cockroaches?"

"Cockroaches lurk in cracks near warm spots like kitchen flues and near food," I explained. "The spray should be applied to those areas and it should be repeated a week later to kill the cockroaches which have hatched out in the meantime.

"And while on the subject of D.D.T., haphazard use of an over-strong D.D.T. solution can be dangerous to health. Those who mix their own should know all the answers before they meddle with it."

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